

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Petrocan
giveaway

Maclean's

OCTOBER 29, 1979

75¢

THE FALL KILL



0

5511370001

44

Canada's most respected 8 year old whisky. Only V.O. Is V.O.

VOL. 93 NO. 44



While Chen witnessed several
basis of dissidents' imprisonment.
Hu Jintao toured Western
Europe made overtures to
France for her sons and
warped of hegemony. **Page 20**



Dubbed "queen of Lolita de-
co," Montreal's 16-year-old
France Joli will soon be old
enough to hang around the de-
cos where her tunes are raring
with bullets. **Page 2**

World 30 Sports 40

South Africa: Pistorius's Zia denies the elec- tion: Nobel Peace Prize for Mother Teresa El Salvador's counter-coup: Turkey: a new winner's slim prospects	34
U.S.A.: Carter squawks ahead of Kennedy with Fla- rida note: Gandy denies	36
People	38
Business	38
Chrysler steers away from bankruptcy: a tur- bidian (in a word): corporate events	39

Books	52
New laptop chip ill commercial CPU's	
Stevens leads heretofore the big break: Wall	
to Street's Paper Aggravated	
Film	58
Morning Minute: Strong Orchestra/Roberts	
in book form of When a Stranger Calls	
Art	62
Charles Guggenheim's artistic activities	
Alan P. Guggenheim's Column	

[illegible]

A Sportscar for the 80's

MUSTANG

A winner from the word go.

For 1989, Ford is turning loose a second herd of New Breed Mustangs in an exciting line of models to suit your style of riding.

From every angle, you can see it's a car for the times. You can see it in Mustang's sleek, aerodynamic body and surprisingly roomy interior. Up front, the Mustang has a MacPherson-strut type suspension to help lighten corners. Precise rack and pinion steering for easy maneuvering. And responsive front disc brakes for stop-and-start driving.

The new Mustang also comes with an optional 2.3 litre turbocharged 4 cylinder engine that has acceleration comparable to some cars with V-8 engines.

As a sports car, personal or family car, on wide-open roads or on quiet neighbourhood streets, Mustang is bred for your style of living. It's a sportscar for the 80's—for those who want to drive a winner.



FORD MUSTANG



Editorial

Why gasoline rationing—and not sky-high prices—can save our precious oil

By Peter C. Newman

Whenever politicians get to debating our energy problems, they appear to be telling the truth only when they're contradicting themselves. It's a complicated issue, but what has become disturbingly clear is that curbing the greedy sheiks of Arabia or pillorying the profit-hungry petroleum cartels will resolve precisely nothing. The stone truth is that oil is a limited resource and we must begin consuming less of it.

The Clark government seems convinced that one effective way to cut domestic consumption is by boosting prices toward world levels in the hope that this would make it too expensive for most Canadians to keep their cars on the road. Ottawa reports indicate (see page 25) that Clark is planning to increase oil prices \$4 a barrel per year for the next five years, driving up its cost from current levels of \$13.75 to almost \$18 by 1995.

The problem is that in a country this size, owning and running a car is much more often a matter of necessity than pleasure. It's a demonstrable fact that higher prices have little effect on conservation. In Europe, where the equivalent of a gallon of gasoline now sells for up to \$3, car traffic continues to grow.

Raising excise taxes on gasoline would have pre-

viously the same effect as the many similar moves that were believed to force alcohol and tobacco beyond the financial reach of the average consumer. Yet smoking and drinking levels have continued to rise.

Why shouldn't we, as individuals and as a nation, derive some benefit from Canada's precious share of petroleum resources? Other oil-producing countries—namely Mexico and Venezuela—charge their domestic customers only a fraction of their administered world export prices for crude. There is nothing immoral about a two-price system which, incidentally, still governs our wheat trade.

A much more effective method of curbing down consumption might be to institute a limited form of gasoline rationing. It would hardly be a popular measure, but at least everyone would be equally affected and extra supplies could be diverted to those drivers who depend on cars for their livelihood.

Rationing may be abhorred to most Canadians who regard the freedom to drive as the next holiest right to free speech. But the equations of oil supply and demand are intractable. In issuing coupons, Ottawa could control oil consumption by a method that would be a little less Draconian, and a whole lot more equitable, than simply raising the price of gasoline sky-high.



Maclean's

OCTOBER 29, 1979

Editor
Peter C. Newman

Managing Editor
Robert W. Wagner

Executive Managing Editor
W. Bruce Wilson

Senior Editors

Canada's Economy Robert W. Wagner

Canadian Education David Shepherd

Canadian Politics David Shepherd

Foreign Affairs David Shepherd

Science David Shepherd

Arts David Shepherd

Books David Shepherd

Reviews David Shepherd

Special Reports David Shepherd

Editorial Assistant David Shepherd

Production Editor David Shepherd

Advertising Editor David Shepherd

Subscription Editor David Shepherd

Editorial Assistant David Shepherd

Contributors

Adrian Room

John G. Barry

David G. Brown

David G. Brown

David G. Brown

David G. Brown

David G. Brown

David G. Brown

David G. Brown

David G. Brown

David G. Brown

David G. Brown

David G. Brown

David G. Brown

David G. Brown

David G. Brown

David G. Brown

Executive Editor
David G. Brown

Managing Editor
Robert W. Wagner

Executive Managing Editor
W. Bruce Wilson

Senior Editors

Canada's Economy Robert W. Wagner

Canadian Education David Shepherd

Canadian Politics David Shepherd

Foreign Affairs David Shepherd

Science David Shepherd

Arts David Shepherd

Books David Shepherd

Reviews David Shepherd

Special Reports David Shepherd

Editorial Assistant David Shepherd

Production Editor David Shepherd

Advertising Editor David Shepherd

Subscription Editor David Shepherd

Editorial Assistant David Shepherd

Sacred capers: will the Hoopla party catch up with its Gucci rump?

By Thomas Hopkins

There are times, lots of them, when the place is *Gotham's Island*—live. Like moments of the 15-year-old sitcom which routinely today daytime television even bores. Sacred status changes not a whit, father-to-son, decade to decade. But as Sacred Premier Bill Bennett tries to drag his laundry hamper of a political reputation out of the '90s and into the '90s, through "intesteguts" and "dirty socks," the old problem has taken on a new currency.

Consider a recent press conference after a haggard Bennett returns from a trade mission to Korea and Japan. For two weeks while he was gone, his administration have indulged in both league-middling and back-peddling, seemingly on the verge of moral collapse. One researcher assigned and others seemed implicated in the fiasco that followed. Obviously ill-prepared, Bennett chooses to clown for the cameras with a one-year Japanese headband and to perform *double-socks around*, giggling questions. It is an undignified scene for Bennett and, although British Columbia has like their politicians rough-and-ready, it is a demeriting sight for voters looking for their leader's reassurance. It would be difficult to imagine Ontario's Bill Davis in the same situation.

The worst aspect of the incident, from Bennett's point of view, is that it tends to compromise the Sacred image of well-bred bourgeois judiciously handling the family game, untroubled by political concerns. Any political gains garnered from his Far Eastern trip are quickly lost. It is not the first time Bennett has been tripped up by party priorities. In a previous administration, cynically handling the family game, Sacred Credit is relatively untroubled with the ways and up-tilts of eastern civilization. As a result it can come up with the brilliant stroke of "prossifying" the British Columbia Resources Investment Corporation (CRIC), one of the few genuinely original political ideas since the war.

But even the dazzling cautions of mind has been almost overshadowed by the unbecomingly evangelized zeal that resulted through BC's compulsory sex-orientation program. When all legal counsel advised it would get in swift and merry bits of death in the courts—what it did in May, Bennett came



Bennett: Not-soothing over 'dirty socks'

impossibly close to handing an election to a sound-bite with a barefaced, amateurish campaign. But by

W.A.C. Bennett spear-carrier Don Campbell, it tended to complete with arena elephants and what Sikorski call "hoopla," all to the exquisite embarrassment of fellow real Grits and Tories who form an increasingly powerful, Gucci-fitted rump in Sacred ranks.

Bennett returned this month to a party seeking of peace, a party in danger of coming unglued. But with four years left in power, he had three imminent opportunities to fix it. The first was largely blown. Last week, despite an unusual foot-scuffing over his over-dirty socks ("a cancer") and the launch of a police probe into (anti-SOX) letter foraging, he only succeeded in teasing a couple of underlings to the mob, leaving untouched old-line Sacred Deputy Premier Grace McCarthy and caucus chairman Jack Kempf. The next opportunity is the Sacred convention Nov. 1 to Nov. 3, where Bennett's denied but still potent prestige could help block several ship-bottomed old-timers running for party president. A cabinet shake-up scheduled for the week after the convention will allow the shuffling aside of star-struck luminaries such as Health Minister Bob McLeod (champion of the doomed heroin program) and Municipal Affairs Minister Bill Vander Zanden (whose infamous use of the "dick" word in a laxative drew thunderbolts from the Quebec press).

But the question remains whether the 50 year chasm between '90s and '90s politics yawns too wide. Bennett must perform the balancing act of jettisoning the largely rural backbone of the party while breaking new ground in the vast centre opened by the collapse last May of the provincial Liberals and Tories. Inept leaders believe he recognizes the problem of modernizing the party but wonder if he can act decisively. He is, they argue, one of them at bottom and maintains an Dionysian boy's retreat of sleek, upturned lingers who last year almost won painted for years by mid-car dealers. He will not be pushed by the opposition now, however, which appears content to hide behind grudge-enough-rope chickens. Either that or their mysterious silence is the result of terror caused by staring into the nucleus of six more months in office.

It would be wrong to condemn Bennett's dilemma; this is a gauntlet. Least. Dearly godfathers, he should be able to ease the party toward the centre without unravelling it. But if Bennett is going to act, that should be now. It is the time. If not, and the fumbling is allowed to continue, Bennett deserves whatever he gets.

TASTE A GREAT CANADIAN

ENJOY THESE GREAT CANADIAN CHEESES WITH FRESH FRUIT.



You've discovered the great taste of our Cheddar but it is only one of over 50 cheeses of equal quality being made in Canada. For a delicious change, try some of our Great Canadians with fruit for snacks or dessert.

1. **Oka.** This true Canadian classic, originally made by the Trappist monks, has a full rich taste that's extremely complex - mellow, moist, creamy, buttery and a bit nutty. Delicious with fruit as a dessert cheese.
2. **Saint-Paulin.** In the same family as Oka, it has

a discreet delicate taste and faint but pleasant aroma. A terrific dessert and snacking cheese.

3. **Camembert.** At its peak for taste, when the edible crust is white and it's soft to the touch in the centre. The rind is edible but can be removed if you prefer. It's deliciously mild, with a pronounced taste with age. A classic dessert cheese.

4. **Cheddar.** A traditional family favourite, white or orange cheddar makes an ideal snack with your favourite fruits such as apples or pears.

Dairy Bureau of Canada

By George Horfota

"Are you a good lawyer, are you honest?" asks the white-haired and mountaintop actor. Playing a man and philosopher grandfather in Norman Jewison's latest film, *And Justice for All* (see review, *MovieWeek*, Oct. 22), Lee Remick gives at his grandson and awaits a profound response. At 74, so, as the young lawyer bawling against a limited and inefficient American judicial system, shrugs, smiles and replies sincerely "Grandpa, being a good lawyer has nothing to do with being honest."

Jewison was asked the same thing in a recent interview: "Are you a good director, are you honest?" He, however, cannot discuss the challenge with a shrug, since he has devoted most of his working life to showing his own brand of truth on the screen. He looked up from his lunch and said, "I use honesty as a standard for everything. Dishonest films sometimes make money, but making money is not the criterion for success."

That is not to say that Canadian filmmaker Norman Jewison has an aversion to directing films that generate huge boxoffice receipts. The *Assaults Are Coming* are *The Russians Are Coming*, *The Russians Are Coming*, *In the Heat of the Night*, *Rollerball*, *Jesus Christ Superstar*, *Fiddler on the Roof* and at least a half-dozen others have proven to be commercial hits. But he has consistently looked beyond the studio balance sheet for the raison d'être of his work.

Although Jewison takes the position that a film should not be used as a vehicle for "social propaganda"—his term for movies in which the social message is overpowering—his work is determined not to devote his average of two years to a project without serving one of his critical views as society in the comedy series *The Russians Are Coming* there is a warm ball of camaraderie when a Russian submarine crew and a New England village face an instant overseas their nationalistic enmity—Jewison's reaction to the "abuse" *Cold War*. The ultra-violent *Rollerball* articulated the director's gut distaste for anonymity, corporate control of much of society, as well as for the rule of money, and *Fiddler on the Roof* (which has grossed \$48 million) was a heartfelt look at the erosion of families and tradi-



Jewison shoots for the truth

tions. In retrospect, the films seem mild, even innocuous in their messages, but at the time of *Russians* release, Jewison was labelled a Canadian "punk," and *Jesus Christ Superstar* drew a barrage of criticism from the American Jewish Congress.

Jewison seems far from that world of disputation when he is trading across the killy terrain on his 36-acre farm near Coladan Road, a town just northwest of Toronto. He returned to Canada in June of 1978, after 30 years spent in England and Malibu, California. Driven in trendy painter-pants and a tank top, and sporting a gold chain and bracelet, he appears to be much more a creature of Malibu, host of his show-business companion, than of rural Ontario. But in this case the clichés do not limit the man, for he is as much at home here as the neighboring farmers, whom he knows by their first names. "All you have to do is put a little work into the land and it will reward you," says the bearded agri-ecologist between bites of a washed apple. "When you plant a field, do all the work and reap it, that's satisfying my creative urge."

Satisfying the creative hunger has been a lifelong quest for Toronto's Queen Street East native who, by the age of 7 had not only recited the entire *Shooting of Dos McGraw* montage but

Jewison: too much of a realist to make films that won't sell

also played a banker at his father's full-size pitching booth during his years at Malvern Collegiate. Jewison wrote and acted in musical shows and performed song songs for every audience he could find in Toronto's Cabbagetown. Active in the Canadian navy's entertainment unit, transferred his desire to become an actor. But when he directed and co-wrote his first major stage production, at the University of Toronto—the 1948 All-Varsity Show—Jewison discovered that his forte was working with, and directing, performers.

If Jewison's youthful brushes with the stage seeded his skills as a director, his maturation as a teenager likely implanted the sense of justice and fairness that has guided his thinking and development as a person and as a cinematographer. A Methodist, by upbringing, Jewison the schoolboy found himself the target of anti-Semitic taunts because of his

"Jewish-sounding" name. He joined a synagogue to learn about Judaism, but was ostracized there because he was not Jewish. This education in prejudice later served him well when he directed *In the Heat of the Night*, a picture about racial hatred in the American South, starring Paul Snider and Sidney Poitier. Violence as a well-known director, Jewison's name retained its ominous stigma—his membership application was rejected by New York's WASPish Seaside Country Club in the early 1970s.

New Jewison, 58, sits back in his California study, where a quarter-century of *assaults*—*Dance*, *Interiors*—he has had 30 movies (his pictures have won nine Oscars, but Jewison himself has won none) and yellowing photographs—cover the walls, and scents a sleek, black tiger from a Plexiglas box. He glances at the 16 leather-bound scripts, reprinted up for his feature film efforts, then carefully chooses his words. "I can honestly say that most of my pictures represent my fears and joys and that's why I did them."

The emotions are many and varied, but they have in common a general Victorian concern for the underlying, whether that means a tough youth Steve McQueen poker-player in *The Cincinnati Kid*, or a struggling labor leader played by Sylvester Stallone in



If you could model the kind of plane you'd like to fly on in the 80's, you'd choose the ones we chose.

The evaluations and testing procedures we follow at Air Canada when choosing new aircraft to add to our fleet are lengthy and exacting. Throughout the aircraft industry, we're known as very tough customers. Because we demand the best for our customers.

After an exhaustive, year-long analysis, we know we've got it. Early in the 80's, we'll be taking delivery of six Lockheed 301—500's, and twelve Boeing 767's, with options on more.

The L-1011 is powered by Rolls-Royce engines, will seat over 200 passengers, and enable us to

provide more non-stop flights because of their superb long range, transatlantic capabilities.

Our 767's, with Pratt & Whitney engines, and seating for 200, will more efficiently serve our expanding North American & Caribbean route networks.

Our new wide-body aircraft are both compatible with airports in our existing fleet. Both fuel efficient. And both purchases will be financed mainly from corporate earnings.

They both meet our tough criteria. We're confident they'll meet yours.

We're having them built for you.

AIR CANADA 



the unprofitable *FIST* Jewison's high-ticking travels through the Deep South after his discharge from the navy in 1946, before the extraction of Jewish mobs, gave him the idea for *In the Heat of the Night*. He saw Robert Kennedy as a champion of the oppressed, and before the presidential candidate's assassination the two became friends. A portrait of Kennedy, bordered by excerpts from his speeches, is prominently displayed as an easter egg in Jewison's living room.

The director's apprehension and loathing of anonymous corporate control over personal initiative in modern society led to his filming of *Rollerball*. It is a fantasy in which the world is carved up by multinational corporations that promote a deadly version of roller derby in order to satisfy their workers' passions for violence. The same theme of the individual versus the group is presented more boldly in... *And Justice for All*. The film lampoons the U.S. justice system—with the exception of a single lawyer—as being self-serving and even corrupt. “For a long time I have suspected that justice is not meted out equally to people,” says Jewison. “Lawyers are forever saying, ‘Look, I’ll do the talking, you shut up.’ I’m suspicious of people who want to speak for you.” Jewison may sit at the same sacred

Jewison, 1971: concern for the underdog

seat as Politi or even Rilly Wilder, but his popular mode of presentation attracts a wider cross section of society. The musical format of *Fiddler on the Roof* (to be re-released in a shortened version next month) and *Jesus Christ Superstar*, and the comedy style of *The Swimmer*, *Are You with Me* and *Justice* make many viewers, who would normally not see a “message” film.

Hal Ashby, who had his director's debut on *The Landlord*, produced by Jewison, explains his mentor's style: “No-

man feels very strongly about having the social things in his pictures but not wanting to fall because he gets as a soapbox about it.” But many critics think that Jewison does in fact get on a soapbox, and they refute his assertion that, “I hope I am making a social statement, but you and I must never tell anybody as they won't go to see my films.”

Jewison earned the opportunity to create his own type of colored justice through an unlikely avenue for advancement to top feature film. After spending two years acting with the BBC, he was called back to Toronto as an assistant director at the CBC in 1952 (the year CBC TV went on the air). The boyish-faced Jewison quickly mastered the new medium, acquiring a variety of skills from writing the puppet, Chuck Chatham, close to directing Wayne and Shuster specials.

His abilities included a Sore sensitivity and a sense of humor. One evening during a rehearsal, a well-known actor complained to Jewison that the television crew was not according him his due respect. The young director grabbed a studio microphone and boomed, “Let's have a little respect for what's his name.”

After screening some of his programs in 1958, CBS executives offered him a five-year contract on the spot. Within two years he was North America's highest paid TV director. But Jewison soon became disillusioned, since “Middle America regarded television as an extension of the advertising industry. They were only interested in how much money it would generate.”

And so he moved on to movies, making his directing debut with the popular but tedious comedy *Forty Pounds of Force* (1962), starring Tony Curtis. That picture was his last three-picture contract at Universal Studios, but Jewi-

son, with *Jesus Christ Superstar* cast members, waving the Canadian flag



NEW! Milder Than Ever!

The Mild One

From CRAVEN "A", The First Family of Mildness

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid inhaling. Average per cigarette—100's: "Tar" 9 mg. Nic. 0.9 mg. King Size and Regular: "Tar" 4 mg. Nic. 0.4 mg.



Chances are

**we've
been
there.**

**That makes a world of
difference!**

We know the world, first-hand. Where to go, what to see, thought accommodation. Call us for new charter plans ways to enjoy it all.



**P. LAWSON
TRAVEL**

associated with
"Voyages Bel Air Travel"

more than 50 offices across Canada

Frontlines



ten lenses dishevelled again when he was given little freedom in directing subsequent *Doris Day* comedies. When the contract expired Jewison wrote his own production company and has worked for himself ever since.

Much of Jewison's success can be attributed to his relaxed approach to work. "The one glaring characteristic of Norman Jewison is that no matter what is going on he keeps everything in a jest," he never shows tension. He was born to be a director," observed Leonard Rostman, an executive producer at the CBC, and Jewison's former television boss.

While his methods may be straightforward, one aspect of Jewison's career has remained an enigma. Although he has often advocated the development of a strong Canadian film industry, he has yet to shoot a single scene in Canada. Jewison explains: "Film is an international art form, and I am more interested in my films reaching out to the world audience than I am in being successful in Winnipeg or Edmonton or Toronto or Montreal. Let's face it, there are more people there. If I have the opportunity to make a film in Canada I would appreciate that."

Jewison's ambition to reach as large an audience as possible dates back to his television days. He justifies any potential artistic compromise with the conviction that "the pure artist does not care whether anybody sees what he does because he is doing it for the sake of creating an artistic piece. I'm too much of a realist to spend two years creating an artistic piece and be satisfied if nobody sees it."

Working outside Canada has not weakened Jewison's usually strong sense of nationalism, however. He flaunts his nationality often, especially while living in the United States

Jewison, 1966: 'Born to be a director'

(he once waved a Canadian flag while attending a hockey game in New York with motion-picture executives). "There are some Canadians who are more nationalistic than others; it has something to do with passion," says Jewison.

Roots and heritage are paramount to the director's peace of mind. He requests with pride the story of neighbouring farmers from films around gathering to see his father's firstborn fruit—an old custom in the area. Jewison was deeply touched by the gesture, for it helped him establish new roots at Putney Heath (the family name, taken from his former home district in London). The move to rural Ontario was an indication of his growing desire to slow down and get away from Hollywood's glitz. And with the slower pace there came reflection. "When I was a young man, I wanted to change the world. I now know that there's very little possibility of me being able to do that. It's one millisecond from us, no more. But if I ever stop trying, or if I ever stop believing that it's worth trying, then I will cease to make films that have any value."

Jewison's face softens as he recalls his maiden aunt, a teacher who cultivated his respect for integrity. She would tell the story of his great-grandfather, a farmer from Baltham, Ont., who took his harvest of wheat to the Port Hope granary every fall. "When he pulled up after a two-day journey," recalls Jewison, "the mill owner would ask how much grain was in the wagon. Great-grandfather would tell him there were so many tons there and the miller always said, 'Okay, dump it in because it's Joseph Jewison and we don't have to weigh his wheat.' That honesty is a family heirloom. Norman Jewison displays it proudly. ☐

The spirit of Kanata. It began over 400 years ago.

It is widely held that the first word spoken to Jacques Cartier by the Algonquians when he stepped ashore at New France in 1532 was "Cantata" meaning "Welcome."

Many believe that in this word, and a similar one "Kanata", lie the origins of our country's name. And it is a pleasant notion indeed to think that the original meaning of Canada was an expression of hospitality.

Which is why we at Melchers chose the name 'Kanata' for our fine new liqueur. You see, Kanata is a truly Canadian liqueur, because it is based on fine Canadian rye whiskey.

In fact, Kanata is made with the same skills that have earned



Canadian rye whiskey a world-wide reputation for excellence. Our master distillers start with well-aged rye whiskey which is meticulously blended with a connoisseur's collection of rare and natural flavours. The result is a classic liqueur with a special character only this country could produce.

Kanata.

Each time you serve it, you'll be carrying on the Canadian tradition of hospitality that began over four centuries ago, and flourishes today.

Kanata
An original whisky liqueur.

By André McNeil

Paranoia and power: the marshalling of a U.S. cult

"We must save our youth and our youth from the destruction this Britain's monarchy has projected for us," warns the apostolical London H. LaRoche, chairman of the monarchist cause, an organization whose bi-racial avatars are becoming increasingly vociferous. Central to the complex and disturbing web of conspiracy tales spun by guru LaRoche and his more than 2,000 entreats, but decidedly unrepentable disciples is the unshakable conviction that it is the official policy of the British Crown to foster mass-murder drug addiction to destroy the United States and, in the process, restore itself to world domination.



LaRoche: mysterious witness, reluctant youth and refuge in battle of evil midwives

Late last month, taking some time off his third futile attempt to become U.S. president in 1976, he received 6000 per cent of the votes. LaRoche and his co-conspirator and youthful followers in joining the National Anti-Drug Coalition, an army of legitimate organizations and addictions experts—is the disconcert of some anti-race members. "These people are weird. We should stay as far away from them as possible," confided the worried head of a prominent New York institute active in drug education.

Wired they are, and postpostmodern beyond belief. Last year, the 1942 published *Crucifixion* for a small tape, an unbelievably detailed document alleging that Britain is carrying on a \$200-billion-a-year opium war against the U.S., much

of the operation conducted through Britain's northern "colony"—Canada. The report accuses the Royal Bank of Canada of having directly ordered the government of Guyana to plant marijuana to raise foreign exchange income, four other banks (Montreal, New York, Toronto Dominion and Commerce) of being "intimately implicated" in laundering drug money out of South-east Asia, the Hudson's Bay Co. of being a mere front for the "good old families of the opium trade", and C.P. Air of being responsible for carrying (downright) much of the heroin that reaches North America. There's an entire chapter devoted to exposing the evil machinations

of the Bradshaw family, who "funded the triq (Front de libération du Québec) as an extension of earlier efforts to assassinate de Gaulle." That's not all. The latter movement was a British-planned resurrection of the ancient Egyptian cult of Isis to restore godhood whose followers proved stubbornly resistant to early Christian teachings, as part of a plot to wreck U.S. social and moral fabric, and the hit parade has been organized on the same principles to recruit youths for drug-dealing

The 1939's international headquarters in Manhattan shelters an organization whose operations are cloaked in mystery and whose doctrine with security is so complete that no visitor is allowed even the most innocent glance beyond the perpetually locked office doors. A harassed, grey recruitant, encased in bulletproof glass, communicates with visitors through a pickup telephone. Youth with identity tags hanging from their belts address each other in hushed tones and utterances of "sacredness," "depliment," "attacks." They carry impressive titles such as "chief of staff" and "director of security and operations."

The U.S.P., formed in 1973, is the political arm of the National Caucus of Labor Communities (NCLC)—an international confederation primarily trained by LaRoche and numbering between 1,200 and 4,000 in the U.S., Canada, Western Europe and South America. At least 1,500 other supposed front politicians, trade organizations such as the U.S.P., with "cells" in 32 major American cities and (half-fledged, parallel) parallel organizations in several European and South American countries. In Canada, the 200 or so active supporters call themselves the North American Labor Party, and maintain cells in Vancouver, Toronto and Montreal. For his part, LaRoche has prescribed a strict ideology that interprets the world as a battleground between those who favor violence and subversion through technology and industrialism (the bad) and the "effete degenerate environmentalist and worshippers" (otherwise known as "preponents of solar energy") their



Keith Rich Good Mornings!

If you want to get up and get going with a smile on your face, then Keith Rich is your man! Easy-going humour, bright and beautiful music and just look at all the other interesting people and information he brings your way each morning.



Pete McGarvey

Keep in touch! The news you need to know to start your day 8 o'clock.



Bob Payne

People tell us "there's something about Bob's off-the-cuff banter with Keith Rich that puts a smile in our morning." They're telling friends, too.

Time Checks



We think it's important to help keep you on a schedule, so we give you lots of them!

Joe Morgan

The heart of the news, clearly and understandably reported at 7 o'clock.



Traffic Reports



Help from above! It's Toronto's top team—Bob Rice and Dianne Peppert.

Three-day
You get today,
next day on air
The basics every



weather forecasts,
tomorrow and the
major newscasts,
ten minutes.

Tune in for news, weather, sports, traffic and time checks—cheerfully blended with Keith's good humour and more good music on

590/CKEY
RADIO TORONTO

Sears Benchmade[™] ...a lasting investment

There are very few sofas on the market that compare to Benchmade. Check the diagram and see why Benchmade sofas are Sears best

All hardwood frames. The key to a good, solid foundation lies in the strength and quality of its materials. That's why all Benchmade[™] frames are made of kiln-dried hardwood. In addition all joints are double-doweled and stress points braced. **Ingenious suspension systems.** Within the frame lies the all important seat deck. Here, heavy-gauge open coil springs are individually tied in six strategic spots to prevent shifting. The coil unit is attached to the frame with special helical springs that automatically distribute weight and provide balanced seating comfort. Over this are four layers of padding: buckram, flannel, cotton and polyurethane. Their lovely fine upholstery. Most sofas have a broad grade of fabric, here, but Benchmade matches the area to your upholstery selection. **Combination coil-foam seat cushions.** In the core of every cushion are individually pocketed coil springs, covered by a layer of dense foam, then fluffy fiberfill and finally the upholstery. The results: comfort and lasting beauty. A sofa should look good from all angles.

That's why Benchmade sofa frames are covered with a combination of buckram and layers of cotton. This results in a soft, plump silhouette without the hard edges of the frame showing through. There's also extra reinforcing and padding in outer edges, backs and arms. Hidden straps and straps hold the seat cushions in place. Armrests and lined skirts too. **You're the decorator here.** Choose from four classic styles. All of them well proportioned and beautifully styled. Then look at our extensive fabric selection: plush velvets, dramatic plaids, textured weaves and even colonial prints. All of them chosen for a ease of care and durability. Come in today and try all Benchmade sofa styles on your seat for comfort. You're sure to be pleased. They're available at most Sears Retail stores.



Our finest quality has a label of its own. Sears Best



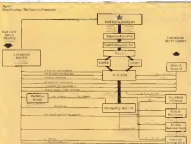
WHERE WILL YOU HIBERNATE THIS WINTER?

Black & White
SCOTCH WHISKY

IN A WORLD OF CHOICES, THE EASY ONE IS BLACK & WHITE.

Smooth choice old Scotch whisky.

Frontlines



A U.S.L.P. diagram, from "Dope Inc.," supposedly showing a British-Canadian drug conspiracy preposterous beyond belief.

one who deviates even slightly from their fanaticist doctrine. The U.S.L.P. is virulently anti-Zionist and pro-Arab.

Most members of the U.S.L.P. were recruited from the new left movement during the Vietnam War, but their current extreme hostility toward the new left is based on their belief that the decentralization of power, worker and community control, equality for women and minorities and environmental safeguards mean a return to a primitive social condition and chaos. The key to LaRoche's global strategy is nuclear-fusion energy: the building of 2,500 nuclear reactors in the U.S. by the year 2000 and the export of 1,500 1,000-megawatt-capacity nuclear reactors to the developing world by the same date.

One U.S. psychologist describes the U.S.L.P. members' religious language and behavior as "clear-cut hysterical symptoms." But the clinical diagnosis does not alter the fact that their religious devotion, persistence and ability to marshal information on topics events usually annoy them an influence disproportionate to their numbers. Earlier this year their protests threatened to delay considerably the merger of the giant Hong Kong & Shanghai Banking Corporation—which they accuse of financing agnosticism and heroin trafficking—

with the U.S. Marine Midland Bank Inc. by petitioning New York state banking regulator Haveli Robert, they could force a hearing and delay the merger for almost a year. In British Columbia, where the Vancouver operation is the most active in the country, the North American Labor Party has been ecstatic over the province's compulsory basic treatment program and is ever hopeful of a triumphant alliance with a group of Social Credit M.L.A.s. Their aggressive and activist behavior's suddenity alarmed the press whose polemical analysis implied, when asked what information they had on the U.S.L.P. "We are advised that we know of them."

The U.S.L.P.'s harassment of prominent American scientists and intellectuals, while less systematic now than in the mid-'60s, remains a favored tactic. Lester Brown, a food expert with the Overseas Development Council (an organization partially funded by the Ford and Rockefeller foundations) was recently harassed whenever he spoke during the entire summer and fall of 1984. He was picked because he favored large intensive agricultural production instead of high-technology and capital-intensive techniques.

The most intriguing mystery regarding the mysterious group is the source of the estimated \$3 million a year needed to pay for the phone bills, office space, salaries (well below the minimum wage) and the army of publications pushing their fanaticist grand design. They subscribe the twice-weekly *New Solidarity* (in six languages), four monthlies, and run a wire service, principally between the New York and European headquarters in Wiesbaden, West Germany. LaRoche has sent the U.S.L.P. over "coastal payments," i.e. funds in excess of several hundreds of thousands of dollars (according to former members and their families) from members turning over family inheritances.

To the unwary, the complex, intricately woven arguments of the LaRocheites will be compelling. If not awe-inspiring. But as critics note, the exaggerated precision of their conspiracies, the officiousness of the defenses that can explain all contradictions form a picture of a "blood, guano, and oil." Twisted in a refuge in intellectual academia and the profound irony is that they have no insight whatsoever into their system while professing to save America from people such as themselves. But, then, that is the nature of paranoia. ☐

old Lenin are Plato, Alexander Hamilton, and the American Whigs, today they are the West Germans, Soviets and Japanese. The villains include the Rockefeller and Kennedy (all "British agents"), Ralph Nader, Ivan Black, the International Monetary Fund and any-



TEACHERS

Be a newsmaker with your students. Consider the news that reflects on a curriculum resource.

Habery Geography: English, Social Sciences, Economics, Media Studies.

Madclean makes your subject a newswriter.

Enroll your class in the Madclean In-Class Program.

We provide monthly teaching aids, lesson plans, and other special classroom subscription rates.

Madclean's

IN-CLASS PROGRAM

A news approach to education.

For more information, contact:

S. McLeod
Manager
Madclean Educational Division
481 University Avenue
Toronto Ontario M5W 1A7
(416) 593-5432

Frontlines

Hitting the high (and low) notes of Newfoundland oil

When The Manners Troupe opened its current national tour in Halifax earlier this month it marked, in many ways, the beginning of a race. The St. John's theatre group covered the idea for *Sever Shik* over the winter, serving it as a musical fantasy about off-shore oil development. In April the two-hour cabaret-style show played to three weeks of sellout audiences.

But now reality is quickly closing in on fantasy, with the recent oil finds in the Atlantic Ocean 200 miles east of St. John's. The details of the discoveries are being released carefully and slowly to minimize what Newfoundland Minister of Energy Leo Barry calls "oil fever hysteria," so it remains to be seen whether the prognosis of *Sever Shik* can complete the national tour amidst before the realities unfold completely.

Events have already caught up with some parts of the story line. "It's like watching the show come to life," comments Clive Bracken, lead of the troupe and director of *Sever Shik*. "It's alarming, really, how little of the show is going to have to change." *Sever Shik* was supposed to be a fanciful look at the possible economic and social repercussions of an oil boom, including some calculated exaggerations of what the social, economic and ecological effects might be.

Much of the research was based on the Scottish experience, where the North Sea oil boom has brought both prosperity as well as crushing increases in the cost of living. The good news was a surge in the number of jobs available, the growth of old businesses and the sending of new ones. However, all jobs have been taken to some extent by workers who left and playing since the show's spring run as lobstering Allevy, using their material from the show. While *Sever Shik* deals specifically with Newfoundland's oil situation, most audiences will be able to relate to the boom/bust issues it deals with. After touring Nova Scotia, the show returns to Newfoundland and Labrador, where it is partly financed by Petro-Canada, and then moves on to Toronto, Ottawa, Saskatoon, Edmonton and Vancouver. Two or three more stops may be added, depending on how quickly reality at the drilling fields in the Grand Banks and in the Labrador sea catches up with the Manners' fantasia.



Clive Bracken, Brian Downey in 'Shik' entertaining prospectors of boom and bust

Manfred audiences are familiar with the Manners' work from plays such as *What's That Got to Do with the Price of Pork?* and *They Chub Smiles Don't They?* *Sever Shik* represents a departure from previous productions since it is a musical, but it is still a typical Manners' piece in that it mixes entertainment with thought-provoking social and political commentary. The cast, comprising the four members of a local rock 'n' roll band, lobstering Allevy, wrote and arranged the more than 20 numbers in the show. The four had played together previously at the East End Blues Band, but have continued playing since the show's spring run as lobstering Allevy, using their material from the show. While *Sever Shik* deals specifically with Newfoundland's oil situation, most audiences will be able to relate to the boom/bust issues it deals with. After touring Nova Scotia, the show returns to Newfoundland and Labrador, where it is partly financed by Petro-Canada, and then moves on to Toronto, Ottawa, Saskatoon, Edmonton and Vancouver. Two or three more stops may be added, depending on how quickly reality at the drilling fields in the Grand Banks and in the Labrador sea catches up with the Manners' fantasia.

Robert Pluckin



If you need Work Wear, talk to Work Wear.

We're Canada's largest manufacturer and supplier of uniforms, towels, linens, mats and dust control products.

Work Wear offers dependable service every time, whether it's outfitting your staff in attractive career uniforms, or supplying your company's dust control needs.

And we've special services, like custom-designing uniforms to suit your particular requirements. You can rent or buy and when you rent from us, we take care of all cleaning and servicing. No capital investment ever!

Give us a call for a copy of The Uniform Catalogue, or visit the office or plant nearest you.



WORK WEAR
CORPORATION OF CANADA LTD.

17 Gordon Road, Downsview, Ontario M3H 3G3 (416) 245-5800
In Montreal, Location de Linge Centre

Digging it

I was delighted to read your two archeology stories, *The Treasure Hunt* (Sept. 21) and *The Mystery of an Old Child* (Sept. 3). I look forward to seeing more of them. As a Canadian involved in archeology abroad, I am often astounded to hear from Canadians among others, that I must have chosen to work outside the country because "there is no archeology in Canada." This is a deplorable attitude which I hope your articles will help to eliminate.

LUCIA F. KROGER, OTTAWA

Old dogs, old tricks

Why does Barbara Amiel only single out two-agers as the canniest ones found in our shopping malls? (*Hanging Out at the Shopping Mall—The Senior Generation Responds* inside the 70s, Sept. 3). Is it because they have not yet learned their parents' trick of hiding their seriousness under layers of frivolous conversation? When speaking of "hilarious" robbing from shop to shop," she should include the breed leaveners, office workers, and doctors. And, really, who does she think she's kidding when she says yesterday's two-agers might still be talking about "relating" and their "Kama"? They're all in the damn getting drunk.

TOM LYONS, HAMILTON

The goon show

Congratulations to Allan Fotheringham on his thirty column on hockey barbarism, *"The Leader of Youth Get into the Act: How Feral Barbarians and Brawl Warriors"* (Sept. 17). The goons in the 1930s and the money hungry insurers have destroyed our national game, which has degenerated into a contest between pugilists, devoid of any skill. There is just one way to stop it. Stay away from the games. I have better things to do than to watch a bunch of grossly overpaid muscleheads fighting on the ice.

A.P. EARTHOV, PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

Having read Allan Fotheringham's column on hockey violence, I am struck, not speechless, but otherwise. The amusing thing is that such players and such a coach should ever be allowed inside a rink again—in British Columbia, of all places, where is more British than British. And where British fair play should reign supreme. All Canadians should hang their heads in shame. Do these ruffies have parents? What is their reaction?

FRANCIS CUSLEY, MONTREAL, P.Q.



No fair hearing

I was disappointed upon reading *The Fight That Still Falls on Deaf Ears* (Sept. 17) to find that contrary to your subtitle on the Comments page—"The deaf no longer silent"—not a single remark from a deaf person was there. The



Alberta association, 'deplorable attitude'

article reminded me of a poem you did in which blind people complained about sighted persons assuming self-appointed roles as spokesmen. There is no division in the deaf community over the merits of using sign language—the division is with hearing persons deciding what is best for deaf people. If the article was intended to provoke sympathy for the deaf, it probably succeeded, but deaf persons do not seek sympathy—we seek equal opportunity and access to resources that hearing persons take for granted.

E. MARSHALL WICK,
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR,
THE CANADIAN ASSOCIATION OF THE
DEAF, RICHMOND HILL, ONT.

Rare essentials

Regarding a number of complaints claiming that the preponderance of flesh in Madras's is inappropriate in a news publication, I must take exception to this selfish criticism. Don't let Madras's be spoiled for the rest of us.

LAUREN JOSEPHIAN,
DEPT. OF ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING,
UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON,
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

A woman's work . . .

Regarding Barbara Amiel's column *The Fight That Still Falls on Deaf Ears* (Sept. 17) to find that contrary to your subtitle on the Comments page—"The deaf no longer silent"—not a single remark from a deaf person was there. The

ELLA DAVIS, VICTORIA, B.C.

Old Father West Wind

I can only assume that posting two anti-Allan Fotheringham letters (*Letters*, Oct. 1) was a ploy to bring out of the woodwork (letchins or effici) all the many readers who find his wit and wisdom the best article in modern establishment muckraker ever to come out of the west.

JOHN SCOTT, TORONTO

The Gilles and Jody show

Why use an article on Gilles Villeneuve as *Jack Would Have It* (Oct. 3) to put down Jody Scheckter? I feel Scheckter is a better driver and needs to do count.

JOHN WILLIAMS,
PORT LAURENCE, ONT.

Scheckter, better driver, needs count

THE SCHENLEY AWARDS



TROIKA VODKA

Schenley's famous Troika Vodka has won 2 Gold, 1 Silver and 1 Bronze Medal. It has also won the loyalty of Canadians who prefer an outstanding Bloody Mary or Screwdriver.

SCHENLEY LONDON DRY GIN

Schenley London Dry Gin is the only dry gin that has ever been awarded a Gold Medal . . . and it has been awarded 3 of them. It is the outstanding way to begin an award winning Martini.

RON CARICOA WHITE RUM

The 3 Silver and 1 Bronze Monde Selection Medals confirmed the excellence of Ron Caricoa Rum. It is bottled in Canada, using pure cane spirits imported from the islands, with outstanding results.

In the last 7 years, the outstanding products of Canadian Schenley have won more Monde Selection Award Medals than any other Distiller in Canada.

The Monde Selection is the world's most respected competition for spirits. Schenley has been recognized with 19 Gold Medals, 7 Silver and 3 Bronze . . . 29 in total.

The highest honour given, the Monde Selection perpetual trophy, was awarded in 1974 to Schenley's O.F.C. 8 year old Canadian Whisky for winning an unprecedented 3 consecutive Gold Medals.

In the world of spirits, one name stands out, one name synonymous with excellence: Schenley.

SCHENLEY O.F.C.

Schenley O.F.C. has received 7 Gold Medals and the Monde Selection perpetual trophy. These awards are fitting tributes to the outstanding 8 year old Canadian Whisky that is a favourite throughout Canada.



Distilled in Canada by Schenley Canadian.

BLACK TUESDAY... OCTOBER 29, 1929
STOCK MARKET CRASHES... READ ALL ABOUT IT!



GOLD DIGGERS OF 1929
Canada and the Great Stock Market Crash

Doug Fetherling

\$14.95



Available at fine bookstores

Macmillan of Canada

Frontlines

Passion for polygraphs

Call it a job, call it a search for the truth—they're the same thing to Chris Gagas, an expert in the use of polygraph (lie-detector) machines. James Earl Ray came under his professional scrutiny and Gagas was on his way to Dallas to test Jack Ruby when he learned that Ruby had died suddenly. And earlier this month the spectacle's polygraph machine was again measuring body responses in an attempt to determine whether Los Angeles Police Chief Daryl Gates had covered up instances of police collusion with the underworld. The Gates investigation arose after Donald Wickland, an outstanding investigator on the scene, accused Gates of fraternizing with the enemy. A television reporter uncovered the story and asked Gagas to put Wickland to the test. Gagas' conclusion, that Wickland was telling the truth, was directly responsible for launching an investigation of Gates, now under way.

The internationally renowned lie-detection expert has conducted more than 30,000 such examinations in the past 33 years. Experienced examiners such as Gagas have made polygraphy into a specialized art which, they say, has an accuracy rate of more than 90 per cent. According to these experts, a subject's body emits several telltale signs of lying: increased perspiration, especially in the hands, and increased blood pressure, heartbeats and respiration rates. Then, with ink and graph paper, the polygraph's signs and signs record conductivity.

"Is your name James Earl Ray?"

"Yes."

"Do you know who shot Martin Luther King Jr.?"

"No."

"Did you have a soft drink today?"

"Yes."

"Did you shoot Martin Luther King Jr.?"

"No."

The irrelevant questions were asked in order to establish a "normal" response pattern on the machine, to set as a foil to the substantive questions. After the test, Gagas concluded that Ray had indeed shot King and that there was no conspiracy involved in the assassination.

It is not even necessary for the subject to speak while he is hooked up to the machine. Words spoken by the examiner will elicit responses automati-

1980 CHRYSLER NEW YORKER

Engineering excellence makes it great.



1980 CHRYSLER NEWPORT

Spacious, elegant, and so affordable.

Full-size Chrysler luxury. Taking you into The Eighties in six passenger comfort. With quality, prestige, and outstanding performance.

Chrysler New Yorker is engineered to be the most luxurious car in its class. Embellished with performance features, and the superbly quiet ride of a fuel-efficient V8 purring under the hood.

Priced with Buick Electra and Olds 98, but engineered to give you so much more.

Chrysler Newport knows the value of fuel with economical 3.77 Super Six engine and Torqueflite automatic transmission. Compare with Buick LeSabre, Olds Delta 88, Mercury Marquis. You'll choose Chrysler Newport.



In a hostile world only the strong survive.



Airport baggage handlers load and unload hundreds of pieces of luggage every day. And every day they see what happens to luggage that isn't strong enough to survive modern travel.

We asked them what the most common failures are. They told us that handles come off, hinges and locks pop open, cheaper soft-side bags burst and pull-straps and wheels get broken off.

We designed our new Silhouette II and Fashionaire cases to solve those travel frustrations.

The handles are firmly anchored to a reinforcing metal strip inside the case. The hinges and clasps are recessed inside the channel of the frame. The combination locks give greater security.

Our semi-rigid Fashionaire has a detachable pull-strap and wheels which are easy to remove when you check your baggage in.

Our hardside Silhouette II has recessed castwheels and a pull-along lever which snaps into the side frame.

Our cases are so strong they protect what's inside from the hostile world outside.

At Samsonite, we're sure our new luggage will keep your belongings safe from harm. To prove it we're offering a \$1000 Contents Protection Plan on any piece of Silhouette II or Fashionaire (except for Tote Bags and soft-side, carry-on models).

This means as long as you own these bags, anything you pack is covered for up to \$1000 against physical damage due to failure of the luggage to protect the contents anywhere in the world. Ask your Samsonite dealer for details.

So, before you head into the hostile world, see why our new luggage is strong enough to survive. We think you'll be impressed by the quality as well as the size selection, the fashionable shades and all the thoughtful details that make it luggage that's "first-class all the way".

Fashionaire® and Silhouette II®
The only luggage with a \$1000 Contents Protection Plan.



*Canadian registered marks of Samsonite Corp.



PAARL SHERRY

A fine tradition.

Pleasant memories and the traditional glass of smooth, imported Paarl Pale Dry Sherry. They go so well together. Pale Dry is a pleasing sipper. Dry but not too dry, a fine sherry that will complement many occasions.

NEXT TIME TRY
IMPORTED
PAARL



Frontlines

ally, although some subjects try to beat the machine. Ray, for example, flexed his arm when asked the irrelevant questions. He hoped the chart would register an increase in blood pressure to the same degree that it would when he lied, so that the examiner couldn't tell truth from falsehood. Unfortunately for Ray, Gugas realized he was being tricked, and adjusted his examination to take that into account.

Gugas' interest in search of the truth began after he witnessed a mass arrest of students who became rowdy after a football game in Omaha, Nebraska, 40 years ago. The police threw 200 students into jail, stating that they were all equally guilty because there was no way of knowing who was telling the truth and who was lying. From that point on, seeking the truth became an obsession with Gugas. He went on to study criminology, to begin his own polygraph-testing in 1945 and to found the National Board of Polygraph Examiners 11 years later. He was the leading force behind the development of the modern polygraph machine and its implementation by several foreign police agencies throughout the world.

But as career comes without aggravation, and for Gugas the most frustrating one has been that courtroom doors, slammed shut on polygraph tests as admissible evidence in 1923, have remained closed with very few exceptions. In Canada, the Supreme Court in 1977 upheld an Ontario Supreme Court judge who had refused to allow lie-detector evidence in a murder trial. (Gugas feels that polygraph evidence should be admissible in support of other evidence rather than as evidence by itself.) Gugas is particularly annoyed by the "Roeper Age" legal immaturity that allows fingerprinting, breathalyzer, sobriety tests and sometimes handwriting analysis to be used as admissible evidence. "Polygraphy has been slandered by defense lawyers who... are afraid their jobs might be usurped if the polygraph tests were accepted as evidence," says Gugas.

Polygraphs are frequently used as aids in police investigations, but many legislatures are leery of allowing their evidence into court because of the importance of having a skilled operator. Unless the operator is an expert, his reading of the polygraph could lead to false, or unreliable, conclusions.

And there has been another aggravation. "Listening to unhappy people day in and day out is extremely nerve-racking," says Gugas, 58. "That's why I am officially retiring this year—that is, until the next exciting case that demands my services." **Laura Goldstein**

Leave the crowds behind.



The Palace Pier is designed for people who love the city, but value their own privacy. These elegant condominiums are just minutes away from Toronto's business centre and its bright city life. Yet they offer you privacy, solitude, and a living space that's designed around your lifestyle.

Visit the Palace Pier, and explore its recreation areas, its private restaurant and lounges, and the unique design of its condominiums. Enjoy the quiet luxury of lakeside living, just minutes away from the city.

Suites available from 31st floor and above.
Your business hours are 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
Open weekdays, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. weekends.

THE PALACE PIER

You couldn't live better.



2045 Lakeshore Boulevard West
Toronto, Ontario M6V 2Z6
Telephone (416) 352-5927
Open daily 10 p.m. to 10 p.m., weekends 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.



'Varsity,' a century on the beat

The Varsity, the University of Toronto undergraduate newspaper which is celebrating its 100th year of publication, is a key element in the development of Canadian journalism. If it were a school it could justifiably boast about its illustrious alumni—free-dance writer and longtime broadcaster Norma DePoe, *Melrose's* Editor Peter C. Newman, TV documentarist Harry Rank, *Roads in Canada* Editor Douglas Marshall, writer and broad-



"Varsity," old and new. (Bottom photo shows)

caster Peter Greenek and author Gregory Clark (who claimed he failed out of university because of *The Varsity*). The quality of the paper has varied from highly professional to saphimatic, but it has always dispatched a steady flow of graduates from the play-world of campus journalism into the real world of reporting.

The Varsity began in 1889 as a weekly journal of literature and ideas, and immediately established a penchant for excess. Early on, it called for the admission of women to University College, and 10 years later fomented a student strike and a government investigation into university affairs by accusing the administration (all its favorite and most frequent targets) of nepotism in academic appointments.

In 1908, under the editorship of an ambitious and innovative student named Harry C. Macdonald, who would go on to become publisher of *The Toronto Daily Star*, *The Varsity* became what it is today, a three-weekly newspaper. Throughout the first half of the century *The Varsity* reported mostly on campus life, often taking an such as women as whether undergraduates should carry cases, whether University College students should wear gowns, whether petting was the beginning of moral decay and whether freshmen should be punished for refusing to wear fancy ties. The biggest headlines were reserved for U of T Blue sports victories and the *Junior* edicts were Wayne and Shooter, who wrote "Champion Cat" in the late '30s.

During the '50s the paper began to



98.1 WAYS TO FEEL BEAUTIFUL.

CHFI 98.1
Consistently Beautiful

TIO PEPE A perfect Aperitif.

Served on the rocks, or straight up chilled, Tio Pepe is a perfect aperitif!

In aromatic dry, nutty flavor doesn't overpower your taste buds. It awakens them, leaving you free to savour the pleasures of your meal.

That's why for over 400 years Tio Pepe has been making the rounds at excellence among discerning drinkers around the world. In aromatic, delicate taste it's quite simply irresistible.

Making a perfect special!



Imported from Spain.

"The bested son of Anchocho."

Wow!

Look what happens when
you don't have to deal with
a monopoly.



Theirs

The monopoly wants
you to have this

Except for a few problems, Bell makes a pretty good phone. That's his monopoly. The set is bulky. It comes in black and white only. And as other people's problems are often glad to put you—excluding the fact that you can't usually afford it with a rental service. Otherwise, it's a fairly nice product.



Ours

We think you'd
rather have this

"No more. Start Customers" saying. Four colors. Works with a remote control. Easy to read LCD display—and much, much more. Ah, the wonders of competition! Especially when you can take a lease or purchase plan that is exactly right for your needs. We're not kidding Bell! They do their thing well. We do our thing well. And our specialty is doing what our phones do: we're the logical people to call.

Amity's Cordless Phone 1-800-333-3333

amts

AMTS MOBILE COMMUNICATIONS INC.

200 Peach Avenue West, Suite 102
Oshawa, Ontario, Canada M6H 2B5
Showroom: 1980 Hwy 7, Unit 10, Toronto

Frontlines



1990 'Varsity' staff is a steady flow of press from the playworld of campus reporting.

look beyond the confines of the campus. In 1990 it printed the story of a girl who had been denied entrance to a women's fraternity because she was black, and in the resulting controversy fraternities lost their status at U of T. During the '60s the paper became more and more preoccupied with social issues—housing, abortion, politics, women's rights, the Vietnam War—and moved steadily to the left. By the early '70s the enthusiasm of some sort of civil rights movement for confrontation politics had given way to lengthy polemics by student Trotskyites, Maoists, Marxists and Leninists. Campus news was secondary, whenever it was covered.

But The Varsity has recently reverted to policies resembling those of the middle '60s. The secret is an professionalism—the current editor in chief, Barbara Chav, as a full-time journalist on a salary of \$150 a week. The paper reflects, she says, the current attitudes of students. The biggest issue for the past two years has been financial cutbacks.

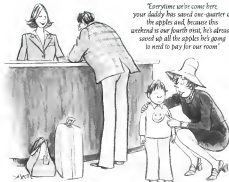
However, mistrust of The Varsity's policies resulted in the founding last year of the newspaper, a weekly that is providing the first serious challenge to The Varsity since the '60s. The newspaper supports itself almost entirely through advertising, while The Varsity relies for nearly a fifth of its \$200,000 annual budget on a student fee. The newspaper raises its success through circulation: has reached 25,000 per week, about one-third of The Varsity's (due to its coverage of its surrounding community as well as the campus itself).

But if The Varsity has a healthy competitor in its 100th year, the students who run the older paper are not bothered by it. They still spend most of their waking hours at the paper, pursue their academic deadlines and—as they have for 100 years—watch their school adversary, the university administration, with vigor.

Shelia Fallick

25% Off Weekends

At Holiday Inn, we'll give you a pleasing break on the cost of a weekend away from home.



"Everytime we're come here, your daddy has saved one-quarter of the apples and, because this weekend is our fourth visit, he's already saved up all the apples he's going to need to pay for our room."

All Holiday Inn hotels across Canada are offering a special weekend price—25% off the regular room rate for a minimum stay of two nights! The Holiday Inn Weekend Special, Luxury accommodation at a reduced price. With absolutely no reduction in the

standards for which Holiday Inn is world-famous. Like big, bright rooms, colour TV, exciting double beds, free guest parking, pools and saunas, baby-sitting service, "Teens Free" family plan, coffee shops, fine restaurants and a wide range of entertainment facilities. Enjoy a pleasing weekend break.

For reservations, call toll-free: In B.C. and Alta., 1-(800)-268-8811; in Sask., Man., Ont., P.Q., and Maritimes, 1-(800)-268-8890; in Toronto, 486-6100; in Montreal, 878-4321; your nearest Holiday Inn or your travel agent.

Holiday Inn®

Number one in people pleasing.

*Prior reservations required. Weekend Special must be requested. Subject to availability. Available Fri., Sat. and Sun. until June 15/90 incl. Excludes six properties from Dec. 23/89–April 1/90, special events, groups and conventions.

Suicide squeeze for Petrocan

By Roy MacGregor and Jane O'Hara

In baseball they refer to it as a "suicide squeeze." It is a term that should be appreciated by Don McDougall, a director of the Toronto Blue Jays, and chairman of the federal task force that, last Monday, tabled its 48-page report calling for the "amputation" of Petro-Canada. The idea in baseball is relatively simple: the play is seen by the manager, no arguing allowed, the runner is committed to head home and the arm is on the button to hit whatever pitch is thrown. It is a dangerous scheme, but when it works it ends up as a valuable score.

When Prime Minister Joe Clark gave his signal to McDougall and the rest of the task force on Sept. 3, there was never any doubt that they were going to do exactly as instructed. The question was not whether to sell off the national oil company's \$38 billion assets, but how best, as Energy Minister Ray Hnatyshyn put it, "to give individual Canadians a share in Canada." The task force, after a hasty deliberation, recommended that 37 per cent of Petrocan's assets be distributed free in the form of a \$500 share-stake to individual Canadians, the remaining three per cent to be gathered into a new governmental agency which would also assume Petrocan's \$2-billion debt. The new agency would perform as Ottawa's agent in both frontier exploration and overseas oil buying.

All Clark would say of the plan was that it was "very much attracted by the idea." New Democratic Party leader Ed



Petrocan's offshore project in northern Alberta, the barge was almost unloaded.

Broadbent, however, came to the House of Commons on Monday not to praise the idea but to bury it. Pushing a shopping cart full of 100,000 names on petitions calling for the retention of the nationalized company, Broadbent labelled the scheme "doctors on quackery." That, of course, was predictable—the NDP has claimed the oil company as its own since its inception in 1975, although \$300 support was unnecessary given the Liberal majority at the time. What was

not predictable was Ontario Premier Bill Davis' turning thumbs down on the idea, or the surprising phosphen pill taken by CBC-TV in Edmonton that found free enterprise in Alberta were 1,947 to 252 against dismantling Petrocan.

The story almost went unnoticed, but on the very day the task force report was tabled, U.S. consumer advocate Ralph Nader was speaking at Ottawa's Carleton University. His message hung on to Petrocan: Bailed by the United Auto Workers, the International Association of Machinists and financed by senators, congressmen, Nader and others, the "Campaign for Lower Energy Prices" last week used phone-ins, demonstrations and work stoppages in 36 American cities to push formation of a national oil company using Petrocan as a model.

But on Monday night, Clark was less interested in what Nader was saying than he was in how many Liberals showed up for the second no-confidence vote on Petrocan. To no one's surprise, the Liberals were missing 33 members and the vote was defeated 125 to 139. But that does not mean Clark's tough energy days are behind him. Reports last week that he was close to proposing new oil-pricing arrangements brought shrieks of outrage from both the producing and consuming provinces. Davis called Clark's reported plans to levy a 30-cent-a-gallon increase in the corner gas as gasoline rap-

prosecution and to increase the price of oil per barrel by \$4 in 1980 "an attack" on Ottawa. Alberta's Premier Peter Lougheed has been said to have rejected a federal proposal that would create a new formula for provincial-federal sharing of the estimated \$3 billion in new annual revenues which would be shortchanging with the \$4-a-barrel increase.

Although the government is still uncertain about a ruling down oil-pricing agreements, those most confused by the oil situation are the individual citizens who begin to assemble the Greek masks of Comedy and Tragedy, who simultaneously, the citizen as shareholder of Petrocan is all smiles, with \$300 worth of free shares coming and the opportunity either to sell them—after a six-month waiting period—or to hold the dividends from them. The task force recommended that individuals be invited to one per cent maximum interest in the company. "Eligible institutions" will be unable to purchase more than a three per cent interest and the government hopes to retain control by purchasing the estimated 10 per cent of shares it presumes will go unclaimed. But the minutiae details of distribution have yet to be worked out (for B.C.'s somewhat comparable experience with BCDC, see here), and it is unlikely that citizens will get their hands on the oil royalties until sometime next year. First, the report must be accepted in principle by cabinet and cabinet and then, according to Clark himself, legislation dealing with Petrocan's realignment will be placed before the House. "We haven't begun to look at the fac-

Task force members (left) Ralph Nader, Robert Glass and Chairman McDougall, Petrocan President (right) Hooper (bottom) are much as Petrocan as a standard bill



Shares and shares alike

In the control B.C. issue of Coastal, jobs who never got much paid the funny papers are growing at the only site of financial quotients. In Vancouver the investment Dealers Association has had to add new members by a clause on investment to meet demand. The cause is B.C.'s hand-



A share in

BCDC

grown experience in people's capitulation the distribution of the now-acquired assets of the British Columbia Resources Investment Corporation (BCRIC) in five-stage dollars, the main price of \$5. Nine months' profits were \$27.8 million or 59 cents a share. Periodic accusations whiffing involving BCRC's buying up resource grants such as helicopter-bladed ranges and bays but Helwell has promised the legions of Mores and Pop shareholders to move cautiously. In early 1980, the first northern September passed three prices to their highest point of \$2.25. This would be purchased, the Pacific Petroleum portion at a steeply discounted Petrocan.

No one expected the offering would do that well, explains BCRC President David

Helwell. "It was as much luck as good management." He cites several times and points before now to B.C. that contributed to the sparkling success. He credits a basket market of the free, industry is oil and gas. The announcement at Premier Bill Bennett and the busy stocks (shares could be purchased through only one of 1,200 B.C. investment dealers and other lending institutions.) Helwell also notes an impressive offering of \$240 in British Columbia (the issue at issue, including oil and gas rights, forestry and pipeline companies were B.C.-based. The result is that more than 80 million new shares have been distributed to slightly more than two million people.

The absence of Brier factors and the vast scale of a non-line, Canada-wide distribution of Petrocan assets had most West Coast BCRC veterans to suggest the distribution in Petrocan's case would be a paper-choked nightmare. Says Odum Brown, a T.B. level spokesman, Helwell President Tony Helwell, "I would have a honor of such a thing. Resource mail often cited by West Coast residents are the legislative use of works implied by developing federal legislation in the provincial jurisdiction of resources." Thanks of Quebec, gaggles are broken and what could be the basic notes involved. B.C. spent \$15 million giving away shares to a couple of million of its citizens, not to mention another \$21.5 million to sell them the subsequent offering.

On the small scale of B.C. however, the medium-term, to be profitable, is increased. Developed over 20 years from the seed of an idea by Bill Bennett ("My pet," he calls it), it has sparked inquiries from Alaska and Brian Casson on his hopes of a mutual acquisition of shares in the oil and gas companies as to the one-per-cent allowable maximum of the list does not appear to be happening, according to Helwell and Vancouver brokers. Finally, the separation of BCRC and state has been maintained. Only because the oil and gas companies are in the bank. Even the Friday night launch of the sale of the free shares appears to have dried up.

As for the stock, the list on many British Columbians have now owned it's going north. Trading around the \$2.25 mark, up from the initial price of \$5. Nine months' profits were \$27.8 million or 59 cents a share. Periodic accusations whiffing involving BCRC's buying up resource grants such as helicopter-bladed ranges and bays but Helwell has promised the legions of Mores and Pop shareholders to move cautiously. In early 1980, the first northern September passed three prices to their highest point of \$2.25. This would be purchased, the Pacific Petroleum portion at a steeply discounted Petrocan.

Thomas Hopkins



nausea aspects," said Joe O'Neil, Clark's press secretary. "We have no estimates about how much it will cost, or how it should be allocated. Nobody has looked at the proposal in any scope."

However, given that Petrosen is likely to make a \$5-million profit in 1978, the future of Petrosen also appears "perfectly golden," according to one Toronto oil and energy analyst. Add to that the 68 million acres of Crown reserves (oil and gas lands) in which Petrosen wants the right to drill, and one can understand McDougall's claim that Petrosen can become "not just a major player, but the major Canadian player on the scene."

But then comes the citizen as taxpayer. Here the face is soiled by frontiers. With the new government's agency assigned to push high-risk frontier exploration, the costly drilling bills will likely be met by the taxpayer with as much enthusiasm as a bill from the dentist.

"If we're to meet our domestic oil needs by 1990," said Tony Stacey, Clark's deputy, "then it's essential we'll require \$10 billion in capital investment. A lot of that's going to come out of the federal treasury. Either you give oil companies higher prices and tax concessions or they could go on an exploration strike as they did in 1974-75."

During the spring election campaign, Clark mentioned a number of options including the share-selling approach used in the disposal of Alberta Gas Trunk Line, as well as the outright lease of government now recommended by the task force. But Tony strategists may decide it's easier to buy low than sell it. With a recent Gallup poll showing that the Tories have enjoyed little increase in popularity since the election, the \$100 freedom may begin to look more seductive with each passing day.

The "freedom play" is on. If executed properly, it could mean political points for the three days of federal government. □

Ottawa

The women's work is getting done

One upon a time, not so very long ago, the women of Canada were not even persons (as the eyes of the law. It was just 30 years ago, in fact, that five Alberta women, led by judge Emily Murphy, managed to convince the judicial minds of Britain's Privy Council that the reference to "persons" in the British North America Act meant females as well as males. Last



Federal person O'Neil (above) and Judith Murphy, modelling in every key department.



week the anniversary of their victory was marked by a reception at Government House and the presentation of a brand new set of Governor-General's Awards to seven Canadian women (see box).

That the "Persons Case" will become an annual celebration on the agenda of Government House is a source of some satisfaction to Muriel O'Neil, co-ordinator of the government's Status of Women office. But there are other sources of satisfaction for O'Neil, whose

The Governor-General's Persons Awards, 1979

Dorothy Elizabeth Bagshaw Hamilton O'Neil, one of Canada's first women doctors and anti-communist pioneer, the Hon. Theresa Gaudin, retired senator, leader in the fight for women's suffrage in Quebec, Sophia Dace, Saskatoon past president of both United Farm Women and Saskatchewan's first farmers' union, Lady Mary Two-Axe Early, Chippewagon, Quebec, founder of Indian Rights for Indian Women, Dr. Grace Mulvick, M.P. of 1968 to 74, Vice Governor Kingway, Mission, B.C., Toronto educator, first director of the Women's Bureau in the federal department of labor, Susan Tallman-Rubin, B.C. labor organizer.

job involves not just planning parties but "enforcing policy at both cabinet and federal-provincial levels." That's good bureaucratic talk from a young woman who has become something of a bureaucratic star, having her skills tested in a 10-year career including directorships in Ottawa and Montreal. At 35, she is a committed feminist and, most unusual to Bore the Statute of Ottawa, a happy civil servant.

When she took her present job last September, she was warned by fellow bureaucrats that "women's work" in the government was a place for beginners or second-handers but no place for stars. However, since she completed an early summer holiday in Greece to stay in Ottawa and test the new political winds, O'Neil and her staff of 13 have been disproving those warnings. They have now personally briefed key ministers and advisors such as Robert de Cotret, Ron Atkey, James Gidley and Flora MacDonald. O'Neil's own minister, David MacDonald, comes to her for a two-hour session each week. With such ministers providing assistance, she is able to lobby cabinet members at meetings and send male-oriented bureaucrats planners back to the drawing boards. Besides a far Treasury Board and Finance officials are reviewing a report on persons which they had submitted virtually no mention of women, and Justice officials are reviewing their legislation on sexual assault.

On taking over, O'Neil scrapped a gaudy two-week newsletter which dated from the "Why Not?" days of International Women's Year and put the money into new staff. She hired a lawyer, an economist, and an M.P. as second work, all tough young professionals who have worked their way through the ranks of the women's movement. They have to have made that commitment,

O'Neil says. "I won't have women who say to me 'I'm not a feminist but...'"

They have their work cut out, starting with a massive Women's Employment Strategy which requires meddling in every key government department. With David MacDonald's support, they have already asked half a dozen departments to take a second look at "what it really means to implement women into policy." O'Neil and staff are also following efforts of the Human Rights Commission to introduce the concept of "equal pay for work of equal value," which involves figuring out how to pay menials at the same level as, say, truck drivers, a concept as alien to unions as management.

Says O'Neil: "I want to establish that we are not some special-interest group lumped in with the lame, the blind and the blind. I want our program part of social and economic policy at the highest levels." If she has her way, 1979 may mark more than just the 50th anniversary of women becoming persons. It may mark the first year they became "an equals then." Elizabeth Grey

British Columbia

An \$8-million cold turkey

It was a most telling document that the plaintiff introduced over defense objections during last June's compulsory hearing treatment on Vancouver. The white paper prepared for the B.C. government admitted that most of the province's heroin users are not heavily addicted and that the quality of heroin on the street is so low that anyone addicted would wonder whether anyone can become a real police agency.

These facts should comfort the Social government, which needs cheering after the B.C. Supreme Court decided that the 16-month-old province's Heroin Treatment Act is unconstitutional. The ruling, if upheld on appeal, will effectively destroy the government's much-criticized program to force self-willed heroin addicts to take three years of medical treatment in detention centers. During this week's last week, Chief Justice Allan McEachern confirmed that the province can't even treat volunteers under the act.

But Attorney-General Garry Gardiner, who planned to pursue the legislation of the act with federal justice officials in Ottawa this week, should be deemed to undergo no special would be treated under other provincial legislation. Of 300 addicts currently in the 30-million-a-year program, about one-third had volunteered



For sure. The long-term treatment centre at Brannan Lake north of Nanaimo has fewer than a quarter of its 100 beds filled.

It is all embarrassing for the government, which was warned by the B.C. branch of the Canadian Heroin Association last year that the act might not stand up in court. Health Minister Bob McEachern now says the province passed the act only because Ottawa wasn't doing its share to control the heroin problem. He wants the Clark government to press for a Criminal Code amendment that would allow the courts to divert convicted addicts to treatment centres with their consent. Justice Minister Jacques Flynn expects such an amendment will be presented during the current session of Parliament.

However, both Flynn and federal Health Minister David Crosbie shy from any hint of compassion. "Nobody should be deemed to undergo medical treatment unless he or she wants it," the justice minister says. "I think it would fly in the face of the Bill of Rights."

Flynn (above) and Brannan Lake treatment centre. Clinic and treatment patients?

Heroin rights was the highly charged issue that led the B.C. Civil Liberties Association to challenge the Heroin Treatment Act. It is also an issue representing all of the province's addicts, the plaintiff. It was Brenda Schneider of Vancouver, 30, the mother of two, a former addict who has been treated with methadone for the past 12 years. Her lawyer, Ronald Stern, ignored the court-hearing argument—criminal and innocent punishment is hard to prove in Canada—and even decided against calling his expert witnesses to testify that compulsory treatment has not worked elsewhere. ("They would have called their own experts and that might have dented the force of the case"), he said. Much has been an emotion-laden debate waged instead on the dryly legal question of constitutional jurisdiction.

Chief Justice McEachern—dismaying the province's contention that the treatment act was conceived mainly with health, which is a proper provincial matter—and the legislative draft with minimal law and the control of narcotics, both of which are exclusively federal responsibilities. In effect, B.C. had invented a new brand drug dependency. "It is legislatively unconstitutional," he argued, "to have both Parliament and one or more of the legislatures formulating different programs for the management of the same social problem."

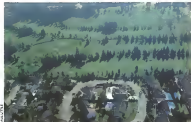
The chief justice took the unusual step of summarizing his judgment in layman's language, even to explaining the background of the British North America Act. While the province

is upholding his decision, it is also looking to Ottawa for more drug-enforcement and customs manpower, a team of federal and provincial lawyers to study prosecution of professional hockey instructors, 30-40 anti-violence treatment programs, and the Criminal Code amendment that would send addicts to treatment centres as part of their sentences—but only if they so choose.

Paul Greeno

The landlord and the greens fees

In the topography of Vancouver wealth, the Shaughnessy Golf and Country Club, which sprawls in the shadow of running estates spilling down the ridge of South West Marine Drive, is a glitzy island of privilege on the city's southwest side. With initiation fees of \$6,250 and monthly dues of



The Shaughnessy Golf and Country Club: There have been lots of money deals.

some \$80, the club absorbs the books and slices of the Great Vancouver's old money. In recent weeks it has also been the subject of a landmark federal court civil suit between the club's landlord, the 60-member Musqueam Indian band, and the federal government. Rains of the dispute is the club's annual rental fee for its 160 acres. The sum, \$35,536, was negotiated by Ottawa as the Indians' behalf in a 75-year lease signed in 1958. The Musqueam band alleges the government betrayed their trust by fraudulently misrepresenting the terms of the lease to band members. The case is the first of its kind.

Witnesses called by the band have alleged that, in order to obtain the surrender or signing over of Indian land by

band members necessary before federal agents can sign a lease, the Indians were misled about the terms of the lease by an Indian agent when one witness termed it "fraud." Indian witnesses further allege the land in question was never advertised for competitive bidding and that they were not told of at least three offers from developers to lease the land at higher rates. A real estate appraiser appearing on behalf of the band placed current rental market value of the land, if used for residential purposes, at \$1,428,300 (the present \$35,536 rental is based on the property's value as undeveloped land to be used as a golf course, as in the original lease).

The Musqueam band claims that the trust was broken and that the federal government is liable, just as a private trustee would be in a citizen, for losses which band lawyers place in excess of \$40 million. The Crown counters by saying that the band's suit came too late and is therefore precluded by the statu-

ted. Indeed, the National Indian Brotherhood is on record as favouring changes in the Indian Act, last amended in 1981, to abolish the surrender provision and allow bands to negotiate leasing, buying and development directly. Only sale of reserve land would be restricted. Leaders predict the federal government will drop the troublesome device with little regret.

As the trial stretches into the fourth week, the Shaughnessy club has become increasingly upset by the implied bad light the case throws on it, but its tenacity is unaffected and its lease is legal. Apart from the occasional jolting also into the Fraser River, nothing need upset their game until 2001.

Thomas Hopkins

Manitoba

You can't go home again

When Winnipeg child-care worker Frederick (Bill) Bili, 31, founded a place for Las Vegas, Oct. 3, with business partner Drago Trojan, he had more than a weekend's relaxation in mind. The trip was also to serve as an efficiency test for U.S. immigration officials. Bili, who deserted the U.S. Army at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, in 1978, has lived with his wife, Christine, in Winnipeg ever since, working at the Kookles School for Boys. The father of two also owns a share of an auto-parts business. Although he received safely looking behind the Canadian border for some years, the urge to risk visiting his homeland intensified when Bili's parents in St. Louis both developed heart conditions. His father, Frederick, has never seen his five-month-old grandson, Scott, and Bili was hoping that if the Las Vegas trip worked out a family visit might also be possible at some time. "He thought that with all the tourist traffic going to Las Vegas, he would probably be able to slip in and out safely," says partner Trojan.

But the U.S. immigration department's security net was in good shape. After a postflight inspection at Winnipeg International Airport, U.S. computers turned up a one-year-old arrest warrant for the Vietnamese deserter. Bili flew into the waiting arms of three policemen where the plane stopped over in Minot, North Dakota. He was quickly searched off to a jail cell to await transfer to Fort Carson, where he may face a court-martial and a long jail term.

Adding to the misery, Christine Bili didn't even know about her husband's planned Las Vegas trip—she had been

Come with us to Saronno, where the legend began.



It started in Saronno 450 years ago, with the creation of the original Amaretto. An intriguing golden drink which won the hearts and palates of many connoisseurs. The fame of Amaretto di Saronno soon grew, and its elusive flavour became legend. Many have tried to imitate it, but none have succeeded.

Our secret ingredient in Saronno is patience. Over the centuries we have allowed the legendary flavour of Amaretto di Saronno to develop slowly, until it is soft, subtle and mellow.

You can enjoy our exquisite Amaretto di Saronno straight up, on the rocks, or in a delightful mixed drink. Its legendary taste mixes beautifully.

Why settle for imitations when you can have Amaretto di Saronno. The legendary Amaretto. The original.

The Godfather

1 oz. Amaretto di Saronno
10 oz. scotch or rye
No. 1 Amaretto di Saronno
Serve in an old-fashioned glass over ice.

The Bambino

1 oz. Amaretto di Saronno
1 oz. cognac
1 oz. vodka
Shake well with cracked ice.
Strain and serve in champagne glass.

Write for our free recipe booklet to:
Saronno, Agnelli Ltd., 4895 Dundas St. W.,
Suite 125, Toronto, Ontario.

Amaretto di Saronno. The Original.

Building bridges to the West

By Mary McDonald

In the dispiriting grey of "Paris" working days, 13th arrondissement, pomp and po lights illuminated a tiny ragged building, the Hotel Coq. As Chinese Premier Hu Yaobang entered a \$100,000 plaque on the crumbling hotel where his predecessor, the late Zhou Enlai, had lived as a student, he was welcomed as a star. In the 1920s, he lived here from 1922 to 1924, ritual compliments blossomed in that Mousme in the gathering cloud. Hu's handshook over France in the cradle of revolution. French President Valery Giscard d'Estaing lavished grace on Zhou—architect of the country's current openness to the West. What nobody mentioned was that France had once opened to China by the French Revolution, and distributing Communist manuscripts.

The Chinese was neither insignificant nor without its moments. On the first lap of a three-week trip that took him on to West Germany, Hsiao was in East Berlin—his first visit to West Germany. He was seen by a Chinese head of state, and the leader of the People's Republic—Hsiao last week played a now familiar melody like the most important notes were the ones that were not voiced in his major speech at a glittering Khrushchev banquet, he raged at length against the danger to world peace of "hegemony" without once mentioning the Soviet Union—an outright reminder of the country's 1955 anniversary celebration of the 10th week with the name of its founding father, Mao Tse-tung, was expressly not invoked during moments of great exorcism.

It was, after all, the Soviet threat that had brought the 56-year-old pro-war to Europe as an attempt to solidify the three-way bridge (in the direction of Japan and the United States as well) the Chinese hope to play against the Soviets. Bearing and constantly circumventing his translators with sign language, Hon hammered at China's

Glaciers and Haze in an anti-haze-mongry state

"special relationship" with France without mentioning that the French seem to feel they have a special enough relationship with the Soviets not to tell the Chinese what they must cover.

But surely the diplomatic discretion was one-sided. The French were careful not to upset Hua's digestion of his treat with civil war scars and Chamberlain's Mayday, 1978, with any official reference to the show trial taking place that very day in Peking, where China's most prominent dissident, 26-year-old magazine editor Wei Jingsheng, was sentenced to 15 years in prison for handing over military secrets to an unnamed foreigner and for carrying on "counter-revolutionary agitation."

What surprised most Sinologists as much as the severity of the punishment was the trial's timing smack at the

opening of Hua's first visit to the West. There was speculation that Hua's older rivals back home had meant to embarrass the man who was out as Hua's official heir. Some suggested that the following day's trial of 30-year-old female protest organiser Fu Yueshan was precipitously resumed on stern orders from the squabbling Chinese delegation, being trooped through Versailles' Hall of Mirrors.

But others saw Wei's belated day in court as an attempt to impress the West with the new China's due respect for justice, an explanation consistent with Mao's recent announcement that the notorious Gang of Four, including Mao's widow, would not be hanged after all, but would now have their own trial before the people's tribunal. If so, the effort boomeranged in European agents' outrage at the trial's open criticism of Mao's role and the end of his reign, as the longtime agricultural expert bashed through literally every issue in succession, even the French press in Seoul as a non-observer of the case they referred to as "China's."

appointments was partly his failure to produce any serious coups for France. One of the complaining editors did not forget that it was he who put the lie to the Chinese Party Modernization last year in millions of francs' worth of Siné-Siné French duals were scolded in their shock overwriting's show trial, they also forgot that the Maoists proved so benignly down the road was not only a former security who overtook some most bloody repressions, but who, earlier this year after the earth-shaking, presided over what Wu Jiaxiang termed "modernization democracy."

Pakistan

Time runs out for General Zia

The wailer on the radio, as usual, had the ring of a parade-ground bark. But behind the new draconian restrictions and the threats announced by Palestinian's sultrier President Yassir Arafat last week, one fact stood out: the man who seized power from former prime minister Yitzhak Rabin just over two years ago and exorated him last April is himself retreating out of time.

When Za entered Bhutto in a military coup in July, 1977, many of his countrymen backed his action. After more than five years in power, Bhutto's government had become a byword for corruption. The immediate excuse for the coup was widespread violence sparked by charges that Bhutto had rigged his victory in the 1977 legislative elections. But Za squandered his political capital by turning Bhutto into a martyr and by his introduction of a rigid Islamic code.

held national elections in mid-November he would have faced the embarrassing (and possibly fatal) necessity of handing power to them.

magnifies and shut those which supported Bhutto's Pakistan People's Party. In addition, he said, martial law would be rigidly imposed. His leniency had been mistaken for weakness.

The country quickly learned what he had in mind. Within minutes of the broadcast, Zia's men were detaining 300 prominent political leaders and party workers, among them the began Nasir Khatto and her daughter Benazir

**Blessed is she
among women**

The usual banality of the news mission in the Colorado state was shattered completely by a contingent of reporters and camera crews and a motley procession of well-wishers some barefoot and ragged, others in chauffeur'd cars snaked throughout last week to pay tribute to Mother Teresa, the 89-year-old. Saint of the Outliers, she is known on her rarely acquired \$245,000 Nobel Peace Prize.

The best part, the most unexploited and the dying love of his hands received compassion without condescension, based on reverence for man. They really have added and planned. The dramatic Mother Teresa's work among the city's poor has now lasted 21 years. The long final chapter when, as in young girl of 12, she decided that eventually she would leave her home in Skopje, Yugoslavia (where she was born Agnes Gonxhe Bojaxhiu to Albanian parents) and work in India. At 17, she joined the Sisters of Loretto, an order of nuns with missions there, and within a year she was in Calcutta but not seeing her eventual charges. For the next 10 years, growing

consciously inflames the laugh vigorously in the discharges of powdered femininity. Her call while a call, as the terms it came in 1948 on a hand-drawn for a half an hour in Corfu. She suddenly fell under to give up until follow her into the stars.

After a period of intensive nursing training Mother Teresa used her own hair and donned the blue-veiled white cap, the dress of India's poorest caste. With few luxuries (40 cents) in her pocket, she set up a makeshift base in a slum family's compound where the laugh drained back bygone and the upstroke. Then in 1952, she set up a school for the poor, the Holy Family for the Dying. Her first patient, a woman, half dead by fist and ants" where the overcrowded hospital had refused to take

Meatier Tarsus and mand. half-width by date





U.S.A.

Carter vs. Kennedy: Jimmy takes Round 1

By Ian Unruh

Don't count Jimmy Carter out. That was the unimpeachable message last week as the beleaguered president of the United States scored a series of minor victories that indicated his political fortunes have bottomed out, at the very least, and may even have begun to turn around. In combating the challenge from Senator Ted Kennedy, Carter unobtrusively used the power and patronage of the presidency and backed the political action that won him office in 1976. As his press secretary and confidant Jody Powell said, "If you thought the Democratic nomination was Teddy's for the asking, you'd better think again."

What prompted Powell's delicate statement was news from Florida that Carter had beaten Kennedy in voting to choose delegates who will conduct a presidential "beauty contest" at a Democratic party convention in the state next month. The outcome will have as bearing on Florida's delegation to the national Democratic conference next summer, which will be chosen in a primary March. But Carter nevertheless tilted the fight as the first "significant" test of strength between himself and Kennedy.

Having set the stakes, Carter pro-

ceeded to lead the race. He edged in 1976 from president Florida, dropped into the federal pool barrel for aid to the state, invited potential backers to the White House to meet the Pope, and assigned aides to work on the senior Car-

ter himself paid a visit to Florida before the vote as did his wife, Rosalynn (lower), his mother, "Miss Lillian," his son Chip, his son-in-law, Walter Mondale, and several members of his cabinet. Kennedy, on the other hand, as a still-undecided candidate for the presidency, stayed away, and so did his key aides. The senator relied instead on an assortment of local volunteers and labor bosses to get out his vote. It wasn't enough. Carter won 536 delegates to Kennedy's 281.

The victory helped boost flagging morale at the White House and there were more to come: endorsement, of sorts, from Mayor Jane Byrne of Chicago, a traditional Kennedy bastion. Byrne does not possess the influence of her predecessor, Richard Daley, but she was actively courted by both rivals. The day she was to make her statement last week, Kennedy, who had been working Kentucky, sent her a telegram which concluded: "Just remember that I have known you and loved you and Chicago longer." But a telegram from a state proved to be not enough. Acknowledged Byrne: "We are on the fence. The fact that I love Teddy like a friend" But that night, at a month-old Democratic fund-raising dinner with Carter beside her on the platform, Byrne chose "those who would divide" the Democratic party and told an audience of more than 10,000

"Kennedy was expected to get up as 'representative of the division' and to speak out against the split. Instead he said in effect an endorsement of the unifying spirit of Carter."



that she would support the president's re-election. "Without justification," wrote the note to other politicians, "he thus joined Democratic wagers Ed Koch of New York, Tom Bradley of Los Angeles and Coleman Young of Detroit, all of whom have their eyes on federal aid for their cities."

The next day, in the Chicago suburb of DePaul, Carter showed off his campaigning skills during a "town meeting" with 3,000 area residents. During it a major concern in the area, which faces federal pressure to desegregate its schools, but Carter handled questions on that and other subjects with ease, and left with a standing ovation.

The president got another lift with the release of the report of special prosecutor Paul Garçon into the financial dealings of his family period, business which, nonetheless had it, was used to support his 1976 election campaign. It found no basis for criminal prosecu-

tion. Late in the week, too, an AP-NBC news poll revealed a two-percentage-point increase to 56 per cent in the number of Democrats who would like to see Carter try for re-election. But the road ahead is still rocky. As with any incumbent, Carter must run on his record, and parts of that body need repair. In one serious foreign mistake—he is probably safe. He has helped bring peace, however temporarily, to the Middle East and is the first president since Herbert Hoover who can claim that no American has been killed in combat under his rule. At the same time, the Soviet Union has seen its interventionist badline in Afghanistan and Ethiopia.

But Carter needs more than peace and Soviet embarrassment about to win at home. He must dispel the image that he is incompetent by pushing through a major legislative program, a treaty and his energy package through Congress. Even then, the re-

pearance of lineup at the end of the election—predicted by some as the first sharp escalation in fuel prices—predicted by most—could doom his chances.

Faced with such problems, Carter has taken to quoting Henry Truman. In Truman's home state of Missouri last week, he recalled that "a professional" had said "If a president ever becomes timid because he is worried about public-opinion polls or what newspaper editorials say might be the results of the next election, then he is not worthy to lead this great country." Added Carter: "I am not concerned."

It is a smart approach. Not only does it inspire sympathy, it also recalls Truman's surges won over Republican Thomas Dewey in 1948. Carter's supporters live that parallel. But they would rather not recall that Truman, under pressure from his own party, four years later decided not to stand again. □

Malice in Wonderland

Sideways, inside the California movie capital, the Disney entertainment empire, is now a division of war. The spirit of Uncle Walt did take over the running of the factory he built in the 1930s to create such classics as Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs—but most of them have no picture names. Meanwhile, there were flowers and happy endings last week in the release of the picture of the production of Disney One and Mickey Mouse in a beautiful down town Burbank.

After a last-starved summer of discontent which saw a decline in number of the Disney theme parks for the first time in years, 22 of the studio's top executives had walked out, leaving two million-dollar salaries in disarray. Disney stockholders meanwhile, are keeping fingers crossed as they said the Christmas release of the most costly film the company has ever made. More than \$20 million has been gambled on *The Black Hole*. Disney's big but lousy sci-fi entry in the Star Wars race.

Black holes it says in the press handout "are the most terrifying force in the universe. Nothing can escape, not even light." And that's where Disney bosses would like to get related leader Dan Blum, 42, and the 11 other executive members of the team Walt Disney Productions had painstakingly gathered to revitalize its neglected animation department. Executive producer Ron Miller, a six-foot four-inch ex-football star who joined the company in 1955 after managing Walt's daughter Diane, is angry at that "delicately"—not to mention the relation being. Release of Disney's next an-

imated begins, the \$10-million *The Fox and the Hound* will be held for a year or so and no one knows when the effect will be on the mid-line projects—a \$15-million animated blockbuster called *The Black Cauldron*.

Blum, the top younger hired of Disney, is now in charge of Dan Blum Productions, which has teamed up with Aurora Productions and up recently by three former Disney executives. Why the move? "We were tired of bureaucracy and busy to meet that our film were positively ignored," says Blum. He has 21 Gary Coleman, actor, Disney stars in the last of the studio's one point only, all they make money? It was a struggle over quality."

So goodbye Mickey, hello Mike. *Roby and the Baby of Ache*. That's the title of Blum's first animated film—about 100 years old of the studio's history. He's a dentist. Health panel that accuse impurity and intelligence. Blum has been named \$7 million by Aurora Productions to make it in 20 years. The Disney style will remain, he says. "And there will be more magic more from more four—kids love to be scared."

Disney's Miller finally downgrades the last. The backbone of the department remains he says. Unlikely as it seems, members of the brand, and they will not be easy to replace. "But we will rebuild," says Miller. A storm has come from our side. Other threats, however, remain. Last autumn a angry crowd brought attendance at Disneyland in California, and Disney World in Florida down by around 15 per cent last May to mid-July.

The increasingly successful pay packs are not however, about to fall into a financial black hole. Business quickly picked up once the gas lines had gone and for the year. Disneyland is expected to equal



Blum: "most terrifying" universal force

1973's record (Disney would may be marginally off). Moreover, when that figure for the fiscal year ended Sept. 30, are tabulated, a Disney spokesman said last week profits should be up again. "The entire U.S. business community is facing uncertain conditions," said Disney corporate president E. Gordon (Jack) Walker recently. "But we're confident that our diversity and flexibility will allow us to meet the challenges."

William Scoble

At the age of 16, Montreal's latest musical discovery, France Joli, has already been dubbed "the queen of Joli, its disco" and her hit song *Come to Me* is rising with a bullet on every record chart in North America. Success shouldn't come as a surprise to reediment Joli—after all, she has been in the business since she was 2. At 11, she dropped out of regular school to pursue her professional career with the full support of her mother, Michelle, a retired teacher who tutored the pubescent Joli while she practiced "Pop-singing" *Barbra Streisand* songs. Paradox on the music scene may Joli could be as big as *Doris Day*, *Barbra Streisand*, but even Joli finds that hard to believe. "To only 16," she exclaims. "I can't hang around discoes like an 18-year-old."

Affilié Harold Town and actor Richard Dreyfuss have something in common. Both of them have, sort of, seen actress *Nikki Fitzgerald* in the nude. Or, more correctly, both of them have, sort of, peeped *Nikki Fitzgerald* in the nude. At any rate all three are pleased that it worked out so well. It seems that



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY MAYER

Burton, Town and Fitzgerald, shy nudes

Burton's washed-up poster character in the film *Circle of Two* needed to have some paintings of Fitzgerald (who plays his girl-friend) hanging about his artist's studio, so the producers turned to Town. That's when Fitzgerald turned shy. She would only pose in the nude for photographer Beverly Pereski, who would then give the pictures to Town, who would paint from them and give the paintings back to Burton. Fitzgerald says she did the photo session on the back porch of her Toronto home and that the pictures feature her "doing things with a hair that would use the camera's shutter for seconds." Gentleman Town turned the pictures into soft-focus, romantic images, leaving Burton to wonder where the hair begins and Fitzgerald ends. Sort of.

The U.S. election is shaping up to be a state-of-the-art affair as celebrities dole out with candidates in what amounts to gifts bills for campaign funds. So far California's presidential hopeful Governor *Jerry Brown* seems to have enlisted the leading chorus of supporters with the *Eagles*, *Chicago*, *Marvin Gaye*, *Heavenly Bodies*, and, of course, his girl-friend *Louise Romano*. On the East Coast, Senator *Edward Kennedy* is said to be in like Flynn with the reimagined duo of *Woody Allen* and *Sally Field*. Not to be outdone, President *Jimmy Carter* is counting on the good of country charms of *White House*, *Loretta Lynn* and *Larry Gatlin*. And don't discount Republican *Ronald Reagan*, who looks off his best when he wears a Boston concert head-bling *Queen Merida* and *Frank Sinatra*. Thanks for Reagan's right-wing eve-

Joli: Montreal's Little disco queen

ning of song and guitar start at \$50 and invitations to the get-together with the stars afterward can be purchased for \$1,000.

After next week's Pan-Pacific Games in Christchurch, New Zealand, 20-year-old *Wendie Vanderburg* may hang up her pugilist for good. Vanderburg was off with two gold medals for her synchronized routines at last summer's Pan-Am Games and she is legitimately famous for her coach, *Debbie Hale*, as "the best synchronized swimmer in the world." But at the age of 20, Vanderburg feels it is time to retire. "I'd like to be a wheelchair in another five years," she says about demands imposed by her sport, which include dance lessons, weight lifting and an average of four hours in the water every day. After Christchurch, Vanderburg will return to Calgary to complete her degree in physical education and then she will consider a career, possibly in coaching. But she will always swim. "After all these years, my body would reject the thought of not being in the water."

More than a dozen of New York's finest are now sporting bulletproof vests, courtesy of *John Casanova*. Recently the mystic Beattie and his wife, *Yoko Ono*, dropped off a vent cheque for \$1,800 at the offices of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association. Each of the vests costs \$67.50 and Lennon's contribution leaves about 1,300 officers still vestless in the \$1.5 million campaign organized by the I Have a Vestted Interest in New York's Finest Committee.

Archival California poet/novelist *Charles Bukowski* (Notes of a Dirty Old Man) dropped in on *Vacavator* recently to share cynical insights as the

life-style of the gutter with about 900 people who paid \$6 each to be taunted and insulted while he read new works and consumed four bottles of red wine. "This reading is over when the house runs out," he told the gathering, and he was true to his word. Before the last drop was swilled Bukowski, 58, who has been described variously as "the ugliest man alive" and "the best writer since Ernest Hemingway," denied any allegiance to the beatnik movement and claimed to have been drunk during the entire era. He also refused the title of the "prince of punk prose," by admitting "I wouldn't know a punk if one bit me."

Super rocker *Joe Jackson* may be the latest crest on the musical New Wave but the six-foot-two singer from Portsmouth, England, claims to be "a pretty average guy." As a child he played the violin, suffered from asthma, and was taunted by his schoolmates for his gangly appearance. "It's amazing how cruel kids can be to each other," he says. "When you grow up you realize how insignificant it all was." For three years Jackson studied piano at London's Royal Academy of Music but dropped out because of the academy's "attitude" that its students were "a cut above the other students who made up the rest of society." After a brief stint with a group called *Arms and Legs*, Jackson was "discovered" and his first album, *Look*



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY MAYER

In 1943 the American (read: Los Angeles, England—or at least that is the premise of *John Schlesinger's* latest film, *Yankee*. Though the film is proving to be a commercial success, since it draws on the themes of wartime romance and army high-tech, Schlesinger claims he had to spend nine months "with a logging band" to get his financing, and not a penny of it came from the British. In fact, Schlesinger got his \$1 million from American and German sources. Ironically, his next film, *Monkey Business*, which is entirely set in Florida, is totally financed by British interests. "It's about getting what you want," says the director with a satisfied grin.

If you wouldn't believe some of the places we've managed to make a salad in," says *Cathy Tyson*, one of three Nigerian members of *COINCO* Newfoundland's only theatre company. "Romeo is a best," is how *Mary Walsh* is laid-out, along with *Andy Jones*, who enjoys the health drink "Crunchy Biscuits" from time to time) describes life on the road with *COINCO's* "all-year-round cultural company." *WISDOM* is new show, *The Wishing Moon Club*, is touring the country from Toronto to Vancouver and, while the troupe is invited on stage, it remains divided as



Parton, a well-endowed 100-pounder

Sharp, launched him into North American superstardom. Currently on tour for *Mississippi Sings*, *Pie in the Sky*, Jackson feels he is bringing depth to New Wave. "It's a return to high-energy and authentic music. It's not just 'too-soo baby, I love you.'"

In 1943 the American (read: Los Angeles, England—or at least that is the premise of *John Schlesinger's* latest film, *Yankee*. Though the film is proving to be a commercial success, since it draws on the themes of wartime romance and army high-tech, Schlesinger claims he had to spend nine months "with a logging band" to get his financing, and not a penny of it came from the British. In fact, Schlesinger got his \$1 million from American and German sources. Ironically, his next film, *Monkey Business*, which is entirely set in Florida, is totally financed by British interests. "It's about getting what you want," says the director with a satisfied grin.

When *Mary Kinnear* goes for a stroll, he is flanked by his personal guard, a "gang of four." Kinnear, 40, is the four former Secret Service agents away from the government when he left the state department in 1971, and one of his requirements is that they carry .385-magnum Smith & Wesson revolvers. Such assistance as weaponry has never gone down well in Washington, D.C., which has one of the strictest gun laws in the U.S. Though Kinnear managed to have the four designated "special police" in 1971, they were dismissed in 1978 after they were said to have drawn guns and chased some terrified power-company workers into manholes. But Kinnear remained adamant that his police be a moving arsenal, and last fortnight he succeeded in persuading Attorney-General *Buckley* Clinton's office to designate his guards as U.S. marshals.

Jackson, 2, split rocker among peacocks



the dinner table. To avoid the cheeseburger cereal, its members stay at "places with kitchens." And they don't keep company with out. "I hate out," exclaims *British-born Tommy Setton*.

Even though Hollywood is being sleazebush about it, word is out that *Dolly Parton* is going to be a movie star. Her first film is a three-picture deal in a comedy called *Nine to Five*, in which the laasy, 33-year-old singer co-stars with less well-endowed *Jane Fonda* and *Lily Tomlin*. Parton left the news of her impending movie career slip recently when she was discussing the threat of losing \$50,000 from her freedom from. "If a girl's going to do movies with *Jane Fonda*, she has to look her best," laughed the now-100-pound Parton.

When *Mary Kinnear* goes for a stroll, he is flanked by his personal guard, a "gang of four." Kinnear, 40, is the four former Secret Service agents away from the government when he left the state department in 1971, and one of his requirements is that they carry .385-magnum Smith & Wesson revolvers. Such assistance as weaponry has never gone down well in Washington, D.C., which has one of the strictest gun laws in the U.S. Though Kinnear managed to have the four designated "special police" in 1971, they were dismissed in 1978 after they were said to have drawn guns and chased some terrified power-company workers into manholes. But Kinnear remained adamant that his police be a moving arsenal, and last fortnight he succeeded in persuading Attorney-General *Buckley* Clinton's office to designate his guards as U.S. marshals.

Parton, a well-endowed 100-pounder



Business

Across the river, still in the dark

By Anthony Whittingham

After the weeks of doubt and uncertainty hanging over the future of Canada's No. 3 automaker, it looked as if things might finally be beginning to fall into place for Chrysler Canada Ltd. President Donald Leander. The U.S. parent was appearing again before the U.S. federal government for financial aid to stave off bankruptcy. But this time, the company had drastically scaled down its request from the \$1.5 billion required July 30 to a more modest \$750 million. And after all the ideological wrangling in the U.S. about subsidizing free enterprises with government aid, a special bill requesting aid to Chrysler had been presented to Congress. Even the United Auto Workers union had agreed to less pay from Chrysler than the other auto manufacturers.

All of this gave Leander plenty of reason to feel optimistic. Until Thursday, when he picked up his copy of the venerable Wall Street Journal and learned for the first time, according to an unidentified Chrysler official in Detroit, that the U.S. parent was considering pulling out of the Canadian subsidiary (along with its Mexican and arms-and-ammo divi-

sions) as part of its over-all package to cut costs. "I don't know where on earth that came from," says Leander. "As far as I know, it's completely false."

Leander, the 54-year-old native of Ottawa, Ontario, who became president this year, admits he isn't privy to every detail discussed at the parent company's Highland Park headquarters across the river from his own office in Windsor, but he says he would certainly know about details like those. In

Unseen Chrysler (above): Leander, Mirado, parting with the fate of a carry-backer



Detroit, meanwhile, Chrysler closed ranks and denied the statement.

At this debate point to Chrysler's life, a divided front could cause a fall. Though some U.S. legislators have made a special point of seeking assurances from Chrysler that federal aid, if approved, would not be used to support Chrysler operations outside the U.S., the company has said in all its other statements that the Canadian operation is "integral" to the over-all corporate plan. In fact, part of Chrysler's five-year recovery plan rests on production of fuel-efficient mid-size cars, two of which—the Cordoba and Mirada—are manufactured exclusively at the Windsor plant. Further, Canadian operations—apart from currency-exchange losses last year caused by the devalued Canadian dollar—have been profitable every year since 1981. As for aid from Canadian government sources, Chrysler Canada says the company has not asked for any aid in Canadian aid necessary for the current salvage plan.

Watching Chrysler's performance in the U.S. during the past 3½ months since the startling revelations of \$485 million in losses and the impending bankruptcy has been somewhat like being a spectator at an economic morality play. The company has admitted both weakness and ineptitude, has expressed self-guilt over disadvantages compared to its competitors, has relied on the tentative American support for the phony underdog and has dismissed its situation and future plans with dogged denial. Former chairman John Riccardo first cut his own salary, and that of president Lee Iacocca, from \$280,000 down to \$1 (U.S.), then followed up by resigning altogether, claiming he was so closely linked to the company's failure that it would be best if he were out of the way. Iacocca, meanwhile, has been performing with the flair of a carry-backer, flying back and forth between Detroit and Washington, visiting dealers and appearing in company ads.

The tactics may be beginning to pay off. Last week's appearance before the House Banking Committee was likely bringing the company most of the aid it needs to see it through until 1982, at which time Chrysler claims profitability will return. Even UAW president Douglas Fraser—whose predecessor, Leonard Woodcock, reportedly appeared a coward but by tradition looked at Aircraft Corp. in 1971—appears, in Iacocca's words, to have "come to the aid of the company." While die-hard U.S. free-enterprisers may continue to mutter about creeping socialism, the stretch of a Chrysler failure in the U.S. recovery may perhaps be postponed an argument to resist.

With files from Bill Skidelsky in Windsor



Our New Datsun 510. THE FAMILY CAR WITH A RACY REPUTATION.



A car that can take the East African Safari Rally can take anything your family can dish out. This car won't sag under a full load.

But a family of two kids with knickknacks is even

more than a rally driver! More room. The new 510 6-door hatchback has it.

And when everybody sits inside it, the feeling is downright classy luxury. Distinctive back-seat dials. Pile carpeting. Lumbar adjustable driver's seat. A digital clock.

The six-year anti-rust plan is the best anywhere. Take your family out for a spin, then go out more.



Accelerate, corner, brake. Recall the East African Safari.

THIS IS THE BEST.

THERE'S MORE FUTURE IN A DATSUN
800-331-3300 (TOLL FREE) 201-251-2522

Back on its legs again

A small chapter in Canada's labor history concluded quietly last week as Nova Scotia's longest striking miners' strike ended after 32 weeks, in the sleepy hamlet of Bass River, about 90 miles from Halifax. Returning to work next week with a wage settlement of \$1.86 an hour spread over the next 2½ years (they had been averaging \$3.97 an hour) will be what remains of the traditionally loyal work force of the Dominion Chair Company, Limited, whose 37 striking employees—nearly one-tenth of the town's population—walked away from their planters, hammers and saws last May after talks broke down when the company said 30 cents an hour over a single year was as high as it would go. Though few believed at the time that the strike would last more than a week or two, the employees stuck to their guns as the months dragged on, jostling in front of the Fry's Furniture Factory, carrying homemade signs with the message, **SLAVEEE DAYS AHEAD!**

Not that the employees have had setbacks. In a town where everybody knows everybody else and where Dominion Chair has been the main employer for 129 years, the strike was almost a genteel affair. Bob Taggart, 55, one longtime employee, doesn't have a single bad word to say about Dominion's manager and secretary-treasurer, John Creveland. "He has been the very



Chairmen Creveland: a redoubter of words

best during this thing and has treated me just the same as ever," asserts Taggart. But his part, Creveland accuses his striking employees for "keeping an eye on the plant and making sure there's no damage," and even waxes philosophical about the strike itself. "Strikes are quite a thing in the world these days and I guess we had to expect one in Bass River, too."

Despite Dominion Chair's reputation for quality and craftsmanship, a combination of outdated equipment and a lack of aggressive maintenance has reduced the company's annual output in

recent years to 20,000 chairs, most of which are sold in the Atlantic provinces. That's a far cry from its heyday of the 1930s when Dominion was exporting 100,000 chairs around the world—as well as operating Bass River's general store and local gas pumps. Ruler of the roost at Dominion for nearly five decades until his death two years ago was Ben Creveland, largest shareholder, sole decision-maker and uncle of the company's current secretary. Now his holdings have been dispersed among nearly a dozen relatives and today the company's 60 shareholders are scattered across 14 North America. Some of these apparently inherited his right-minded attitudes for, when the final strike vote came last May, the employees agreed to lower wage demands as condition the company upgrade its aging and decrepit machinery; but the shareholders refused.

Although the company would be able to start up operations immediately even with the strike over, since the operation's sawyer grew tired of waiting and left to find another job, there's hope for the future. Richard Allen, Canadian Labor Congress representative for Nova Scotia, in charge of arbitrating the two sides back together, says Dominion "could get double the production out of the plant if they got some decent equipment and put some investment on the road." And, since John Creveland himself has voiced the newfound interest among strike residents for genuine wood products and fine-quality furniture, there's a good chance that will happen after all. **Stephen Kleber**

One good line after another

After a summer of talk about the need to improve energy relations with Canada, the United States is about to stub its northern neighbor in the choice of a route for a new pipeline to carry Alaskan oil. Greatly to the U.S. satisfaction of the industry, last week recommended approval of the Northern Tier pipeline, proposed by a consortium of American companies, ahead of Foothills. The Canadian pipeline consortium, backed by Ottawa, Northern Tier had been opposed by Canada because it would increase energy leverage of the British-Columbia coast and more danger of oil spills. Foothills, an over-the-road crossing Canada, is to be built by Western Transmission of Vancouver and Alberta Gas Trunk Line of Calgary, would only slightly increase the tanker oil would be significantly make work for Canadian shippers.

Paul D. Ward on the subject notes with

President Jimmy Carter who. While House sources suggested might not even wait for his meeting with Prime Minister Joe Clark at Ottawa, May 9-10 before announcing his agreement with Archie.

Some Foothills supporters are rankled because the snub is really the result of Canadian inactivity. Despite Clark's protestations to the contrary last week, the new Conservative government failed nearly 100 times to table its pro-energy bill to U.S. officials in the previous Liberal government last June. In August, Energy Minister Ray Hnatyshyn said the new government was still renewing of the alternatives. Walid Hnatyshyn, I surely think it's premature to decide a position on the matter now. One of the last Senate vote-line from Ottawa supporting Foothills, the U.S. government of the answer had the impression that the Canadian government did not rely on which route was chosen.

The Foothills project may have been slowed even if Ottawa had bowed either body on its behalf. Its critics point out that at an estimated cost of \$1.96 billion (U.S.), it is more expensive than Northern Tier

(\$1.23 billion) and, with governments in two countries, clearing jurisdiction. Foothills would have more regulatory hurdles to clear as well. There is pressure in the U.S. from union leaders and congressmen to back Northern Tier because it would mean more jobs for Americans. Even so, there was much amazement when Foothills simply withdrew its application for approval before the National Energy Board, which would have to clear any regulatory hurdles. With Foothills suddenly out of the running, the only remaining prospect to bring oil through Canada is from Trans Mountain Pipe Line Co. of Vancouver which has proposed bringing the oil from the state of Washington through Canada to the U.S. Midwest. Because it would also require pipeline and right-of-way, it would be much cheaper—at \$325 million (U.S.)—than either of the other two proposals. It would also provide some economic benefit to Canada but would not Northern Tier mean more tanker traffic off the B.C. coast. Whether it will be given approval, he says, and so it will mean no decisions were made.

Jan Urquhart

Introducing the 52-week Christmas gift... Maclean's

Most Christmas gifts are old but forgotten a few weeks after the big day. Not so with MACLEAN'S. It's the one gift that takes all year to unwrap.

And giving MACLEAN'S is so easy! No shopping, no line-ups, no wrapping, no posting. Simply fill in the handy order form, and we'll do all the rest.

We'll even send you handsome cards so you can announce each gift. And you needn't pay now — unless you prefer. We'll be glad to bill you in the new year.

But do order now! Then relax and think of all the pleasure MACLEAN'S will bring your friends, week after week after week, throughout the coming year.

BIG SAVINGS ON ALL GIFTS!

Each gift subscription of

52 weekly \$17.00
issues

(Save \$22.00 off newsstand price, \$2.50 off reg. sub. rate)

Please send a 1-year subscription of Maclean's to:

Friend's Name _____
Address _____ Apt _____
Post Code _____

CHRISTMAS GIFT ORDER FORM

Clip and mail to: Maclean's, Box 1400, Postal Station A, Toronto M5W 1B6

Your Name _____ Apt _____

Address _____ Apt _____

Post Code _____

OPADSR I enclose \$ _____ Post Code _____

Bill me next year ☐ Bill me now ☐ Bill me now ☐ Bill me now ☐

ADD \$4.50 to twice gift order \$9.50 or other countries, ADD \$18.00

Please send a 1-year subscription of Maclean's to:

Friend's Name _____
Address _____ Apt _____
Post Code _____

Her journey to International prominence, at least outside Canada, began when her father, Floyd, an Olympic shooter in 1964, introduced her to the sport when she was 15. And now, when her latest triumph is put in perspective, the 19-year-old is not just a new world champion; she is a new star in a sport where the men have been the main attraction for decades. It is the best record in history for any shooter, man or woman, in the longest chain of consecutive individual world championships by any Canadian in any sport, and it is probably the decade's most consistent performance by any athlete in the world.

Before Nuttress had a chance for her fifth title, it looked as if she had lost it. At Air Canada's invitation, her \$2,000 Fennel shotgun "Mr. Fennel" and he could make me another one overnight in Milan, but you can't duplicate a gun," Nuttress said. The gun was located and then lost by Luftwaffe before Nuttress finally got hold of it after driving half-way across Tuscany at dawn the day of the final practice round.

Her lack of practice showed. Next morning she missed four yellow clay birds in her first 35-shot round. "It was a disaster for me. All my dreams came true." Her fears weren't so much that she would lose the women's events, but that she wouldn't beat the score of the Canadian men, her rivals for selection to next year's two-member Canadian Olympic team.

Her selection to the Montreal Olympic team turns up the most controversy about Nuttress in shooting circles. "I qualified for the team once, then they



Nuttress: Her world championships is a crow

made me qualify three more times," she says. "I didn't even know for sure, until the night before the Olympics began, that I was on the team. The hardest thing in world shooting is to make the



Stragglers: Jimmie Lee and the Pirates' wall was

Canadian team and I'm afraid the same officials are still around to do the selection for 1988."

Nuttress needed a little help along the way. Her first shot was a 10, but she was 10 in all and had only a one-point lead over two Soviet shooters, Larisa Tsuklova and former world champ Ulla Kolkova.

Day two dawned sunny, but closed with rain. Nuttress hit 32 out of 35, ending her lead to two points over Kolkova. "It's the smallest lead I've ever had coming into the final day," she recalls.

On the final day in Montecatini, she nailed 49 out of 50 birds, closing out with a dead perfect 58. Only Michel Carrega and the men's silver medalist, Alexander Ananov of the Soviet Union, matched her.

But her smile was broader when her number figured out where Stan's last 180 total landed in among the men. Not even burst into the arena and beamed "I'm eighth in the world." (The eighth-ranked man also had 180 but had more misses than Nuttress on the last day.)

As Nuttress let her long, brown hair tumble down from under her shooting cap, Ed Sharpe Jr., also of Edmonton (who shot 180), commented, "Susan is certainly one of the best shooters that ever lived, and she is absolutely the best woman shooter that ever lived." It is not known whether the ghost of Annie Oakley or the Canadian Olympic team selection committee were listening.

Andy Shaw

'Pops' won it for the Bucs

There are enumerable legendary figures in the game of baseball, but none more popular than the living legend of the year's World Series champion Pittsburgh Pirates Willie Stargell.

To the Pirates he is Pops, the 38-year-old heart and soul of the team. "Frankly, their inspirational and home-run leader this season whose two-run homer last Wednesday in the seventh game won the World Series for them and the Most Valuable Player award for himself. To players around the league he is a model, counsel for and a Richard's Pops-like, live-taking, cool-up, around the backstop, sign to the underdogged of Pittsburgh, he is the big guy who helps out."

In a World Series that was remarkable for its lack of memorable moments, save for its home of snow run and cold Stargell, led the Pirates in a rather historic comeback. They became only the fourth team to win the Series after being down three

games to one) and added his name into the record books. His four hits in the final game led a record (also led by Brooks Davis Parker and Bill Madlock, and Orel Hershiser) as did his 25 total bases. His seven extra-base hits, including three home runs, set a record.

Spicing his customary post-game bottle of California white, Stargell said Pittsburgh's win was his biggest thrill "since 1958 when I signed to play baseball for the Pirates and got a \$1,500 bonus and \$175 a month. And with his sister Gailie's sudden passing to help her, the 6-foot 175-year-old 225-pound slugger covered his face with a towel and cried.

There were no tears shed by the Pirates. They had only to win one of the last three games but couldn't. I scored just two runs in the last three games. I hit over 100 games this year," said Orel's manager, Earl Weaver. Sporting News manager of the year, I just wish it was 100. Pittsburgh was developing at the plate. Phil Garner hit in every game for a 500 average and when the team batted .322 and collected 101 hits in September, it was 100. Stargell, the Grand Old Man, quietly hit .400, adding another chapter to a legend. Bill Quinn

The appellation contrôlée wines of France: well worth a few francs more.



the Wines of France

Belle Arie Medoc Rouge S&S
Appellation contrôlée.
A King of Bordeaux
wines. Very dry and light.

Erre Dore Pin Blanc S&S
Appellation contrôlée.
An excellent dry white
Bordeaux Light and
fruity.

Le Cœur Pirelle Blanc
Lorraine, Appellation
Médoo contrôlée.
Crisp yet full flavoured
Serve with hors d'oeuvres,
fish, white meat or as
an aperitif.

Le Cœur Pirelle Rouge
Lorraine, Appellation
Médoo contrôlée. A dry,
fruity Medoc, excellent
with poultry, white meats
or roasts.

overhead costs, let alone results."

Good humor is characteristic of both partners and has proved essential in their seven years as independent producers to that they both relied in the service of "godfather" CMC, as they call it. Nielsen joined the corporation in 1981, producing and subsequently executive-producing several popular series, among them *Clash Up*, *The Public Eye*, *CBC Weekend* and *Midsouth*. Ferns would enter Nielsen on the latter three.

In 1989 they began moonlighting as the week-enders of *A Third Treatment* with ex-wife's nemesis Malcolm Macgregor, a project that, Ferns says, "attempted to do with religion what Kenneth Clark did in *Civilization*." It took more than two years to find the money and sponsors (*Time-Life* and *Remade*) but when they were ready, Nielsen and Ferns had godfather advice. The next four years were financially precarious but productive; they turned out a series called *The Saturday Ark*, hosted by animal conservationist Gerald Durrell and several specials, notably *An Ark/er Our Time*, about Jean Vanier's community for the retarded, *L'Arche*. All were distributed internationally.

By 1993, however, financial considerations were overwhelming artistic decisions, so they sold majority ownership

to the giant Terrestrial communications company. Though they claim they are now in a solid financial position, Ferns says that Nielsen provided "adequate working capital and enough development funds to give us financial credibility." At the same time, they launched into their most ambitious project to date: *The Minicovers*. The series, worth \$3 million and commissioned by Imperial Oil in celebration of its 100th anniversary in 1998, consisted of seven hour-long episodes depicting the pioneering experiences of the various ethnic groups who settled in Canada. Not only did one segment was an international Emmy nomination, but several others pulled some of the highest drama ratings in the history of CMC's English and French networks.

The series (to be repeated next spring) was regarded as a success for all concerned, with only one sour note: although the sponsor paid all costs and ran the program without commercials, CMC charged full air rates. "What CMC and other broadcasters should be doing, if they want more quality programming, is to work with the private sector, not frustrate their efforts," says Imperial Oil's Gordon Whitch. Nielsen, who spends almost as much time working sponsors as he does producing, says, "It's really our foreign

sales that subsidize the domestic screening of much of our work."

Since *The Minicovers*, Nielsen-Ferns has produced and co-produced several series and specials, including the controversial *Connections* crime series, the 18-episode *Clash* and *The New Avengers* in the works in a co-production with *The New York Times* called *Portraits of Power*. Narrated by Henry Fonda, it will focus on 18 leaders of the 20th century. Also in production is a youth-oriented variety series called *Hot Pop*, which Ferns says "rated second only to *Drum* when it [the pilot] debuted last spring. That's ok," he laughs, "rating the game."

Despite the difficulties of operating in Canada, Nielsen-Ferns has no intention of heading for the U.S., where the majority of TV programming (except news and sports) is done by independent. Ferns says the team intends "to make a larger contribution to addressing the issues of our time and we can do that right here." Adds Nielsen: "People come up to me at cocktail parties and ask if we're not awfully tempted to make it quickly by producing a show aimed at the supposed lowest common denominator. I always tell them no, it's actually easier to sell a quality show; the world already has five *Flaws*!"

Terry Posilko

The American Express Card isn't just any card



It's honoured for almost everything, virtually everywhere, with no pre-set spending limit

Many cards have limits on how much you can spend, sometimes as low as \$500. So that on an extended business trip or a long-awaited vacation, you could suddenly find yourself short of spending power.

You could carry extra cash. Or better still the American Express Card.

We treat our Cardmembers as responsible individuals. They know that each monthly statement is due in full on receipt. So they can plan their spending accordingly.

With no pre-set spending limit, you set the pattern of spending as you use the Card. You can travel and entertain worldwide with the utmost flexibility and assurance of respected treatment.

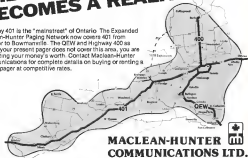
Get the Card that isn't just any card. Pick up an application wherever the American Express Card is honoured.



The American Express Card Don't leave home without it™

WIDE AREA PAGING BECOMES A REALITY

Highway 401 is the "mainstreet" of Ontario. The Expanded Maclean-Hunter Paging Network now covers 401 from Windsor to Bowmanville. The QEW and Highway 420 as well. If your present pager does not cover this area, you are not getting your money's worth. Contact Maclean-Hunter Communications for complete details on buying or renting a pocket pager at competitive rates.



MACLEAN-HUNTER COMMUNICATIONS LTD.
11 Grosvenor Dr., Rexdale, Ontario M9W 1C7 Tel: (416) 245-8465

Not so green, not so peaceful

After a decade of fighting front-page ecological battles, the nearly 30,000-member Vancouver-based Greenpeace Foundation is entering the 1980s looking in a bitter family feud. While the movement is not likely to make the endangered species list, its San Francisco offspring, showing signs of adolescent rebelliousness, is threat-

years and erupted this past summer when the Vancouver office filed suit to assert ownership of the Greenpeace Foundation name and the logos of whales, seal pups and lone ships attempting to block nuclear ships that set as its chemical engine. The civil action, which also seeks recovery of an unspecified amount of diverted funds, is

the San Francisco faction. Most famous is David McGoignie, who led the voyage in 1975 and 1976 to the Frigate Shoals test site on Maratea Island and now heads up Greenpeace Europe. He was one of the handful of eco-freaks who combined romantic heroism with center-parking plays to create an organization that now counts more than 30 offices throughout Canada and the United States.

Michael McGoignie, who acted for three years as Greenpeace's observer at the International Whaling Commission meetings, before turning on the home office, claims credit for shooing down an out-of-court settlement that was so close to being signed earlier this month that Vancouver had put champagne on ice. The San Francisco board of directors had approved the agreement by a 6-to-1 vote and was expected to try to Vancouver to announce the formation of a new North American entity, jointly controlled by the two offices, to oversee a two-year transition to democratic control by the membership at large. "The catch was that Vancouver would have a tie-breaking vote during the transition," McGoignie said. "It gave Vancouver control."

The Vancouver faction's lawyer, Peter Ballin, denies that Greenpeace is trying to consolidate control of its campaigns, or even create ecological franchises such as a hamburger chain. But the Vancouver group thinks it should get 60 per cent of funds raised by all offices (estimated at \$2 million a year in North America) from donations, membership fees and the sales of buttons, T-shirts and decals. Ballin argues that the home office not only has a moral right to both funds and authority, but a legal right as well, because Vancouver established the San Francisco office and only Vancouver's "business trust" in the past, signing to Ballin, stood in the way of attaining legal agreements to this effect.

Although legal agreements that recognize Vancouver's authority have been signed with nearly half of the Greenpeace offices in North America, the others—including Greenpeace Europe—are waiting for the outcome of the court battle with San Francisco. And that rich office has warned that unless it can claim equal status with Vancouver it will close down, a claim that may not shatter the Greenpeace dream but will at least dent it. A crippling blow.

Ann Roberts



Greenpeace crew on route to block whale whaling, champagne, family feud.

ing to break the family apart. In the pattern of the '60s youth movement that spawned the Greenpeace Foundation, it is demanding an equal role in the organization's affairs. The California office, just 500 years old, appears to have matured into a strapping, self-sufficient son with a budget of more than \$1 million a year and a membership list rivalling that of the home office. But the Vancouver office isn't ready to share power with the second generation yet, nor is it willing to let San Francisco break away on its own, insisting that the environmental movement needs close union guided by a strong, central authority. Vancouver's Greenpeace has gone to court to compel obedience.

The dispute, which is to be heard in the U.S. district court in San Francisco, has been brewing for more than two

THE AUDI 5000 S



What a luxury car has to be.

The Audi 5000 S is a totally new concept in automotive luxury. When we designed it, we had and took the opportunity to completely re-think the luxury car to meet the demands of today's driving conditions, today's environmental conditions and today's economic conditions. And to provide the comfort, refinement and beauty expected of a luxury car.

What you want

The Audi 5000 S is a completely equipped luxury car with no optional extras. The plush front bucket seats are designed to anthropomorphic principles and both seats are electrically heated for added comfort. You also get a Blaupunkt AM/FM

stereo system with cassette player and four acoustically-biased speakers as standard equipment. Power features include power assisted steering and brakes, power windows, power antenna, power mirrors, and power door locks. Air conditioning and cruise control are standard as well.

What you need

The price of fuel was the inspiration for our perfection of the 5-cylinder engine in both gasoline and diesel. And today's crowded highways and tough Canadian winters demand the outstanding handling and traction afforded by the Audi's front wheel drive—and the

responsiveness of its power-assisted rack and pinion steering.

You also need the safety of negative steering roll radius to help maintain directional stability under skidding conditions. Plus the added safety of the Audi's dual diagonal braking system. If one system fails, you still have another.

What we did

We saw what a luxury car of today would have to be. We combined the talents of some of Europe's most imaginative designers with some of Germany's most innovative engineers—and created the Audi 5000 S. The luxury car for today.



CPAir announces the ultimate 1980 travel adventure: The People's Republic of

CHINA.



Select from a number of fully-escorted tours, with a variety of itineraries, offered by CPAir and Elan Holidays.

CPAir is pleased to be able to offer you the opportunity to become one of the privileged few to explore The People's Republic of China.

As Canada's official flag carrier across the Pacific, CPAir has the knowledge and experience to make this a once in a lifetime tour for you.

CPAir Representatives from across Canada have travelled to China to tour the country and meet with key contacts. This first-hand experience is available to assist you in planning your tour.

Your escorts are fluent in Chinese and English.

Each tour begins aboard your CPAir SuperOrange 747 jet nonstop from Vancouver to Tokyo or Hong Kong.

From there, you'll continue on to China and a world that's totally different from anything you've ever experienced.

The itineraries are diverse and distinctive, and offer you the opportunity to visit such ancient cities as Peking, Shanghai, and Pekingchow. Enter the Forbidden City.

Walk along the Great Wall.

Or discover the new China at schools, factories, communes, and hospitals.

For your colourful free brochure about CPAir's China containing specific tour information, call your travel agent or CPAir.

"We're out to be your airline."



Press

A phoenix rising to the front-page challenge

By Warren Gerard

Canada's third-largest newspaper chain, FT Publications Ltd., wounded and on the red after two long winters and the recent folding of the 113-year-old *Montreal Star* (Montreal, Oct. 8, 1976), is mounting an aggressive comeback. Two sibling newspapers, the *Windsor Free Press* and the *Ottawa Journal*, have been born again. An ambitious national news service is being created. And FT's flagship, *The Globe and Mail*, is about to go into orbit to provide some truth to its slogan of being Canada's *Nirvana Newspaper*.

What it means, simply, is that the readers of the 182,000* copies of FT newspapers—Victoria's *The Daily Colonist*, *Vancouver Times*, the *Vancouver Sun*, the *Lethbridge Herald*, Calgary's *Albertan*, *Windsor Free Press*, *The*

Globe and Mail and *Ottawa Journal*—will be reading improved products in design, content and readability.

The improvements, for the most part, have been fused on FT by tough competition from Southern Inc., the nation's second-largest newspaper chain (after Thomson Newspapers Ltd.), and by lengthy strikes and industrial disputes. The *Montreal Star* folded after losing \$17.4 million following an eight-month strike and a seven-month circulation war with Southern's morning *Gazette*. Although no figures were available, many more editions were lost as a result of the eight-month strike at *The Vancouver Sun*. The *Ottawa Journal*, plagued by a long-standing industrial dispute, lost 30,000 to its current 60,000, while Southern's *Ottawa Citizen* picked up about 30,000 to 120,000.

In Windsor, Southern pumped millions into the *Tribune*. That was in 1975 when the circulation was 70,000 and falling, while the *Free Press* was at a comfortable 130,000. The *Tribune* underwent a massive face-lift, launched an extensive promotion campaign and printed classified ads free of charge. Meanwhile, FT and the *Free Press* slept. By this spring, the *Tribune's* circulation had risen to 185,000, up 30,000, compared with 145,000 for the *Free Press*, a gain of only 10,000.

But in May FT and the *Free Press* awakened. Under the guidance of FT Editorial Director Ted Bellwell, a former *Globe, New York Times*, *Time*, *Toronto*



FT's Bellwell (left), Mercury of the 'Globe' strikes a satellite, another newspaper.



If a Scotsman swallows his pride...



it's Bell's.

The largest selling whisky in Scotland.

Star and New York Post claim, the *Friday Free Press* was redesigned. A promotion campaign proclaimed: "You're part of us and we're part of you." A new managing editor, Murray Barr, former city editor of the *Globe*, took up the paper's reporting. Among other things, he spent \$2,000 testing hamburger from local supermarkets and the story that followed resulted in a federal investigation of the quality of meat.

In June, one month after the relaunch, *Free Press* circulation hit 112,000, the highest in the paper's history. The low August figure was 141,000, but the average since the relaunch has been slightly higher, while the *Tribune* hasn't increased circulation. "We have really found them to a fault," says a jubilant Don Reed, publisher of the *Free Press*. "We're really pushing it."

FT is attempting a similar comeback with the *Ottawa Journal*. Late last month the afternoon newspaper switched to a morning publication. Bolwell and his enthusiastic colleagues, including Jay Beebe, a former *Toronto Star* assistant managing editor, and Keith Rosenbaum, a former *Star* designer, have reshaped the ailing paper into an ardent, attractive product. "It's a little early to know what will happen," says FT President George Corbett. "It'll have been a very successful re-launch."



Doyle, leading FP, drew title of the "Ottawa"

Meanwhile, Bolwell has hired Kevin Doyle, former managing editor of *Maclean's*, to create and organize a new national news service. Doyle is attracting a highly talented staff, including an editor and political reporter, Walter Stewart; Allan Fotheringham, a former columnist for *The Vancouver Sun* who also writes a column for *Maclean's*; and Doug Stroll, a Canadian Press Ottawa veteran who is writing an "Inside Ottawa" column for the news service. Doyle is still hiring and doesn't

expect the news service to be at full strength until the end of the year, but in addition to having columnists and four reporters in Ottawa he plans to open bureaus in Edmonton, Toronto, Montreal, Quebec City, Washington and London. The news service will feed its newspapers—all of them are paying for the service but none is obligated to use it—and there have been one or two "feetles" for the service from independent newspapers. The service will likely have little, if any, effect on *The Canadian Press*, the national news service that almost all daily newspapers subscribe to. "CP



Plant modernization and expansion are going forward in the pulp and paper industry, new tree harvesting equipment and new ways of doing things are possible because profits in the industry have improved. That means more jobs all around.

Profit: jobs

New investment in pulp and paper production is creating new jobs for Canadians in the industry and among suppliers. Better profits are starting to make things happen. There is more money to spend on advanced equipment, environmental controls and more efficient production techniques. Improved productivity will help Canada compete in tough international markets. And that matters: the forest industry supports one out of every ten Canadian jobs.

In Stephenville, Newfoundland, launches will be packed again, and Thermos bottles filled when around 650 people start back to work in a rebuilt paper mill and in woodlands operations.

In British Columbia, plant expansion in Powell River will create 700 construction jobs and 100 new, permanent jobs in the mill when construction is over.

Across Canada, forest products companies have announced plans to invest in modernizing mills, increasing manufacturing capacity, introducing new processes and harvesting equipment. This new investment adds up to billions of dollars over the next several years.

This job-making activity is happening because profits in the pulp and paper industry have improved.

The lion's share of Canada's pulp and paper is sold in the United States. The use of newspaper and

other pulp and paper products has risen south of the border, so the industry has been going at full speed. These Canadian exports are paid for in American dollars, which have been worth considerably more than our own, increasing pulp and paper company profits in an unusual way. This increase in profits is beginning to help the industry catch up on the lean years just behind. But the industry cannot build a future on temporary cash advantages.

Growth money

To compete with all comers in the global marketplace, the Canadian industry will have to invest hundreds of millions of dollars every year. Modern harvesting equipment, high productivity mills, new ways of doing things must be developed to help hold costs down. One year's good profit is not enough to achieve all these ends.

Sustained healthy profit is necessary to support sustained healthy growth.

The pulp and paper industry is Canada's largest manufacturer; it brings in more export dollars and contributes more money to Canada's standard of living than any other industry — about \$1,000 a year for each Canadian family.

The forest industry, directly and through its thousands of Canadian suppliers, creates one job in every ten in this country.

To learn more, ask for the publication "GROWTH". Write: Communications Services, Canadian Pulp and Paper Association, 1300 Sun Life Building, Montreal, Quebec H3B 2K9.

The Pulp and Paper Industry of Canada

Chatelaine's First Ever . . .

A new exclusive Super Vacation to the other side of the world,

via Colorful San Francisco and Palm-fringed Hawaii

24 Big Days.
Departing February 22, 1980
from 15 departure cities
across Canada.

FOR COMPLETE DETAILS INCLUDING DAY-BY-DAY
ITINERARY COMPLETE COUPON:

Chatelaine's Royal Australian Holiday
481 Lynhurst Avenue Toronto Ontario M2W 1A7

Please send me the brochure giving full details of Chatelaine's
Royal Australian Holiday

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Prov _____

Postal Code _____

Send no money now! Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery of your brochure. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery of your brochure.



Complete Cost of Chatelaine's
Royal Australian Holiday
\$3,101 to \$3,472*

*Includes airfare, double occupancy
including all gratuities and taxes
included services and local costs.

*Excludes airfare to point of departure
and return from point of departure
and all other expenses not included
in the above cost.

Chatelaine Royal Australian Holiday includes:

- 2 days in warm SAN FRANCISCO
- 4 days in SYDNEY, Australia's largest city
- 1 day private motorcoach tour of CANBERRA, COOMA, ALBUANY, SWAN HILL, MELBOURNE, MILLICENT, WARRNAMBOOL
- 2 days in scenic ADELAIDE and the famous Liffey Bridge
- 3 days in beautiful MELBOURNE, sightseeing, shopping.
- 2 days in Sydney, including an HONGKONG, Waikiki Beach, Grand Island
- 1 country class cruise group on ferry to Queen & All Canada
- Deluxe on first class airport—moderate with private bank
- Nightlight meals as applicable
- Full American breakfast daily, 75 drinks, 1 special luncheon, welcome and farewell cocktail parties

BUTON BLACK LABEL BRANDY



SINCE 1820
THE OLD BRANDY OF ITALY
CANADIAN AGENT SAVERIO SCHIRALLI AGENCY

If you want
great in-depth
news coverage, read
Macleans
If you want
great in-depth
opera news coverage
read
OPERA CANADA

Grand Opera is the Greatest Show
on Earth. Enjoy in-depth, exclusive
coverage of the opera world in
Canada, the U.S.A. and the world.

Subscribe to OPERA CANADA.
A new subscription only \$20.00
(\$10.00 in the U.S.A. and in Alaska
and Hawaii).

Please send a subscription to:

Name _____

Address _____

I enclose my cheque/money order for \$ _____ (Globe funds) payable to

OPERA CANADA, 365 Adelaide St. E., Suite 532, Toronto, Ontario M5A 1H4

have always covered kicking" says Doyle, a 47-year-old veteran. "I hope we can break stories, but as far as covering day-to-day news stories I don't think we need to bother. We have neither the manpower nor the inclination."

The news service has already been diminished by the folding of *The Montreal Star* and by the *Globe's* haughty position that it won't use it, although *Globe* Publisher Roy Mcgregor has left the door ajar. "It's not quite correct to say we won't be taking it," he says. "When there's something on it that's important, unique and earth-shattering, we're going to carry it. We have a bureau in Ottawa, a man in Edmonton, Montreal, Quebec City, Halifax, Vancouver, Washington, London and Beijing. We have our own system, our own columnists."

Mcgregor is saying that the *Globe*, if it is truly to be a national newspaper, will have to offer readers something they cannot get in their local paper, and most readers outside Toronto who buy the *Globe* also buy a local newspaper. In some cases a local PE newspaper. He doesn't want them to read the same stories and same columnists, those provided by the news service. Yet there are those in PE who say, of the record, that the *Globe's* position doesn't make editorial or economic sense. "We will just have to make the news service as good that the *Globe* won't be able to ignore it," says Doyle. Carrie agrees. So does Bolwell.

The *Globe*, which this year broke through the 380,000 mark (August figures were 275,000), has a circulation of only 150,000 in Metro Toronto, the rest is outside. It appears the newspaper's future—especially with the booming Toronto Sun producing a thick and juicy morning alternative to the *Globe* since 1971—is outside the city. Next year the *Globe* plans to publish eastern and western editions and, because the post office and the airlines haven't been able to guarantee consistent delivery, it will transmit them by satellite. The western edition will be published in Calgary—talks are under way with Southern's Calgary Herald for the printing facilities—and the eastern edition will be published in either Ottawa or Montreal.

Calgary is PE's next big problem. A decision will be made by the end of the year about what to do with *The Alberta* (August figures were 43,000), which has suffered from breakdowns and has been killed outside. "We've had good advertising gains," says Carrie, "but we have been plagued with terrible press problems. We will make a decision about *The Alberta* by the end of the year and that may mean a re-launch." ☐

By Roy Mcgregor

In the space of a few hours on Saturday, my father has died from two shots. In the afternoon, near a desolate potato farm in the east of Ontario's Algonquin Park, he watched with woodland's pride as I used the Christmas present he had given me a Remington 630 to shoot the upper skull off a male partridge, killing the bird instantly. We returned with our game in the evening, only to find that Tim, my father's self-highly-regarded, had been attacked and killed by a timber wolf. Tiny, 10 pounds of ink and bluff, never had a chance. And it made the old woodland very sad.

But let it not be said this partridge is without its own enemies. His panning will be noted from one ocean to the next, by the Predation-based Knowledge Club that believes "hunting is a relic of the past," by the Greenpeace Foundation in Vancouver, where the argument is simple and succinct: "Hunting is killing." The bird will not return from the dead, no matter how spirited the hunting, be it well, either, because one more digit among the six million or so living creatures of Canada that will fall to the guns of humans, 1973. In the end, his death will have only the weight of his feathers when it comes to swatting the vast popularity of hunting in the world. The "This country's 700,000 hunters in 1961 doubled to 1,438,000 in 1973 and, according to a recent *Weekend Magazine* poll, now includes fully 10 per cent of the current population of 23,097,506. The number of hunting licenses has risen by approximately 700,000 in the past two years and such figures vary from giving rights to half of a house in New Zealand to fully 39 deer per hunter on British Columbia's remote Queen Charlotte islands. To kill an antelope



Quoted: "It's a challenge every year, I'm always ready."

number of the country's most natural resources (see graph, page 46) then hunters will spend upwards of \$600 million on everything from shells, guns, mouse traps, thermal underwear, hard liquor, guides, accommodations, airplanes, 400,000, four-wheel-drive vehicles and even torch-control drugs to make sure the bitch doesn't come into heat during the deer hunt. And yet, perhaps because of the stress, it remains the hidden sport.

The late Canadian author Gregory Clark referred to it as "my form of laziness." A hunter in New Brunswick last week told *Macleans* he had hunted because "you don't have to wash your face." Whatever the appeal—good dead-end or else a gun—personally letting the blood of a living creature has quenched the hearts of man since (and probably long before) Genesis 1:26 gave him "dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moves upon the earth." But what is new about hunting is the rise of an international antihunting force. Earlier this month members at Greenpeace went to 300's 3-47-million-acre Spiritus Flatus Wildlife Park and, using a helicopter and threats to throw themselves in the line of fire, disrupted trophy hunters moving in on the caribou herd. "We know the caribou herd is declining due to hunting," says Greenpeace President Patrick Moore. "They're taking the strongest, most dominant males, the lifeblood of the population."

A somewhat similar situation exists in Montreal, where the Conservative government of Sterling Lyon decided this year to open up Spruce Woods Provincial Park to elk hunting (despite a reasoned brief from the Manitoba Natural Society arguing that

THE FALL KILL



doing so would result in a 56-to-75 percent death rate among the park's 100 or so elk. The society's president, Phil Herch, remains convinced the hunt was permitted solely because of intense pressure from the hunters. "Hunters are being offered to see all proportion to their numbers and to the disadvantage of other recreational groups," says Herch. "The elk hunt has nothing to do with complaints of overgrazing. It's strictly to make hunters happy and it isn't making a lot of other people at all happy."

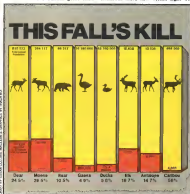
It is all too easy to create an image of the hunter as evil, greedy, inconsiderate, possibly even fire-witted. On Oct. 1 near Keweenaw, Ontario, a fall fire destroyed 2,000 acres of farmland and slash lot. That same day six hunters were charged with arson, the police claiming they set the fire deliberately, merely to drive frightened deer into their telescopic cross hairs. On Lac St. Louis near Montreal on an autumn weekend, six calls were torn by shotgun blasts; the snailbills had thoughtlessly taken too light to the dark blinds.

In Nanutaka, late this September, a Portage & Prairie farmer discovered two hunters using his 80 to 100-year-old sign, asked them to leave and was shot in the arm for his troubles. And that doesn't even touch upon the ludicrous account two years ago in British Columbia a young woman had a horse shot out from under her, the year before that, a proud hunter pulled his way into a game station and asked the officer on duty what he thought of his moose. "Not much," said the officer. "It's wearing hornbees!" Actually, it was a moose. And in Kitchener, Ontario, this year, Joe Herchic Jr. demanded that the elementary-school librarian remove The Geats of Knotty Pine from the shelves. It is a children's book, an imagi-

Hunters Jim Parsons (left), Oscar Foster at Smith Falls, Ont.: a few more digits

nary tale of geats defrauding "harmless hunters" who arrive as vehicles with O.G.I.s written on their license plates. The librarian refused to remove the book. Field & Stream magazine calls the act "comparably obscene" to her placing pornographic material within reach of small hands.

In October the Canada geese come



down from James Bay in eleven waves, their calls in the distance not unlike those of children at play. Before dawn, when the frost of the St. Lawrence River tightens, hunters cut through the fog with spotlights, placing decoys, silhouettes, ludding quiet and frozen into their hands with their wooden calls and 12-gauge pump shotguns. On this particular morning the west fingers on the Canadian side, the Canadian hunters among the muffled tattoo of fire from the closer American side. But suddenly four geese cut through the fog in a diamond formation, suddenly there, exquisitely graceful. "No!" Oregon Spencer, my hunting companion, whispers as they float slowly over our blind. Both guns explode. A flock bird folds, then drops. Suddenly, without grace. Suddenly dead.

But there is also the responsible hunter. "We might get one and we might not get one," Spencer had said the night before as we laddied on a bitterly cold van face. "That doesn't matter. It's seeing them, that's the best part." When we did get one, he moved from the blind before the downed bird hit the water, high-stepping 300 feet into the frigid river to make sure the bird was dead, not wounded. It was the only bird fired at all day, though hundreds more flew within sight but

A very surprising rye

Smooth. So smooth. That's Melchers Very Mild. Chances are, you'll mistake it for a much older whisky. In a recent blindfold test, 7 out of 10 rye drinkers did.

In fact, Very Mild is 5 years old. It seems older, because it's so expertly blended.

But the nicest surprise is this: Very Mild's mellow taste comes at a very modest price.

Melchers VERY MILD

Surprisingly smooth.





HAND WOVEN TIGER MARK
Harris Tweed
85/25/105
85/25/105
HARRIS TWEED
HARRIS TWEED
100% VIRGIN SCOTTISH WOOL
100% LAINE VIERGE D'ECOSSE

We Orb It
SO YOU'LL ALWAYS KNOW
REAL HARRIS TWEED.

The Harris Tweed logo is registered in the United Kingdom. The word "HARRIS TWEED" is registered in the United Kingdom, the United States, Canada, and other countries. The word "HARRIS TWEED" is also registered in the United States, Canada, and other countries.

Imagine an airport hotel that's a summer resort. All year long.

We've always had a lot to offer. With free airport transportation free parking, and a location that's minutes from the major expressways. And, now we have even more. With our new "Balconaire" Health Club featuring a year-round heated swimming pool surrounded by lush gardens. So you can work out in our exercise room, enjoy a sauna or steam, relax in a whirlpool, and have a refreshing swim. No matter what the weather's like outside. You see, we've got everything the best downtown hotels can offer you. And the airport too. And ask about Hilton's unique Family Plan for children of any age.

M
Montreal Airport
Hilton
Our name says it all.

For reservations, call (514) 393-3131 or (514) 393-3132. In Quebec, call (514) 393-3131.

net range "Never aim at anything," the Kewas, Ojibwa, shiver and later in the day, "unless you can kill it and you really want to eat it."

Like small world that runs good bread, the tainted portion of hunters has a disturbing effect on the larger body. Little attention is paid to such things as the 1974 Saskatchewan study that found an impressive majority of hunters believed a day of bird-hunting without ending game was still a satisfactory experience. "The never had an unsuccessful hunt," says Rick Morgan, executive director of the 18,300-member Ontario Federation of Anglers and Hunters. "But there are lots I return from empty-handed." There are hundreds of thousands of hunters such as these two and like John Gargyle, a 33-year-old teacher from Winnipeg, Manitoba, who has hunted with his family since he was young and continues to hunt as an adult "because of the outdoors, and definitely because of the thrill involved and the thrill of the chase."

Jim Strachan, of Bonanza, New Brunswick, has hunted for 40 of his 50 years simply because he likes guns and lives the woods in autumn. "I don't even have a particular desire to kill anything," says Strachan. Another longtime hunter, George McInnis, of Prince George, B.C., says, "I shot my first deer when I was 13. It was food for the family. I was staying with food in still part of the reason I hunt, but that's only one aspect. There's the being there, the outdoors, the companionship." Two hunters who have already killed deer: those this year are Paul Ogilvie and Rex Morand, both from Bar Falls, Ontario, who were hunting separately but arrived in the same day at the Lake Lake area checking station. "It's a challenge every year," said Ogilvie. "And I'm always ready for that day." Morand, who killed two moose, claimed "It's not the killing. It's getting out in the fresh air with my friends—and drinking a bit of whisky."

None of that sounds harmful, but it remains that hunting has a severe image problem. It is caused by what the responsible hunters call "the sick"—someone whose irresponsible manner is compounded by the fact that he carries a weapon capable of tragic destruction. Bored inside the Oct. 1 edition of The Winnipeg Tribune, a two-page story begins "A 15-year-old girl died following a shooting incident Sunday near Kiplingville..." But it is not just shooting at other people that concerns the responsible hunter. It is shooting at anything that moves or makes a sound, from cattle to hydro transformers. The contrast with which irresponsible hunters are viewed is demonstrated by

the action of Rick Morgan last November, when he turned up four hours late for a federation meeting. He had just spent half an hour tracking down, cornering and arresting the arrest of two "baiters" he saw firing at grouse from their car window.

Much of the blame is placed on the lack of strict testing to acquire a year-long hunting licence. In Germany, a hunter is a graduate of a severe six-month course. In New Brunswick, it is simply a matter of paying \$4.50 on the table for a deer licence. In 1971 British Columbia became the strictest, requiring each new hunter to take a 20-hour course, and the results speak for themselves: in 1971, 16 people died in hunting accidents, last year, only three.

But it will take more than testing to change the public view. What isn't regarded as serious—"Do your wife a favor," as an ad reads in the current *Outdoor Canada* magazine, "leave home for a week"—is traditionally perceived as unnecessary risk. The hunters "baited" wild animals in the northwestern. The life accomplishment of John George II, of Sanary, a 17th-century nobleman, was the personal slaughter of more than 10,000 deer. He was almost assassinated by Ireland's St. George Deer—how appropriate—who is best remembered for his 1854 hunting trip to the United States where, damage compensation only, he quickly dispatched 6,900 bunnies and 300 grizzlies.

The federal government provides a picture of the average Canadian hunter—58.5 per cent male, 31.5 years old, better educated than average, two-thirds married, three-quarters with kids, two-thirds urban—but it fails to consider the hunter who lifts his rights from a now more thinking there might be a call in need of her, or who donates the \$14.5 million Delta Unlimited will spend on some 281 projects around Canada this year, each one protecting the threatened habitats of the waterfowl populations.

The dilemma is that any deer picture is swayed by the way between hunter and non-hunter. When Paul Newman speaks out for the American Friends of Animals, deploring the waste of wildlife, Field & Stream fires back in an editorial, accusing Newman of wasting valuable gun by running around in a useless circle. The lines have been drawn and hardened beyond reason, and all because there has yet to be an acceptable answer to what the 17th-century English philosopher Jeremy Bentham once posed: "The question is not *can* [snowmobile] move, nor *can* they talk, but *can* they suffer?"

"In order to eat," Gregory Clark once wrote, "you have to take a life, whether

a dove or a potato, a lamb or a peach." Anyone who has ever seen cattle—more disturbingly, hog—in a slaughterhouse knows there is terror, pain and a fight in any animal's death. But death, the final answer, remains more an original question, and all talk of having meat shift unconsciously around it. The governments—which prefer the word "bait"—to "kill"—are, without exception, much in favor of hunting, for reasons both economical and concerning wildlife management. "Bled from a deer,"

says F.J. Payne, manager of Wildlife Resources in the Nova Scotia department of lands and forests, "is not much different than blood from a steer or blood from a rat."

"It's all because of Walt Disney," says Rick Morgan of the Ontario hunters group. "You know, wildlife taking as a personality. We call that 'the Bushy Syndrome.' But it's a heck of a lot better to die from a hunter's bullet than from overpopulation, disease and predators. It's not an art to see Bushy

At your Kawasaki dealer*

A BUCK'LL BUY A BUCKLE!

Whoops! Actually 99¢ will get you this stylish Kawasaki best buckle now or all

What a deal! What a chance to be impressed—and better dressed—with the Kawasaki best buckle. For just 99¢. Don't wait! Or you'll be too late. No purchase necessary.



Snowmobiles for the 80's... absolutely free during Kawasaki's open house!

Kawasaki
The hottest thing on snow.



*Kawasaki Snowmobile Dealer. *Kawasaki Snowmobile Dealer.

starving and down on his knees."

"In the end," says Tim Hagler, Morgan's executive counterpart at the Ontario Humane Society, "it all boils down to the fact that sport hunting results in wildlife suffering by crippling, wounding, and poisoning, but hunting practices." When some sport hunters will admit to a 50 per cent "cripple loss" for ducks and geese. And the U.S. government estimates that up to three million ducks, geese and swans die a slow, painful death each year by eating lead shot—part of the 12 million pounds of stored shot that fall each year in the marshes and rivers of North American waterfowl country.

There are, of course, counter-arguments. Prairie farmers have millions of dollars worth of crops destroyed each year by migrating waterfowl and it is now not uncommon to see coyote and coyote traps strategically placed in fields to simulate shotgun blasts every few minutes. In Oak Hammock Marsh outside Winnipeg, more 250,000 geese are reported to land this year for feeding last year they caused \$300,000 in local crop damage and it got to the point where the government was forced to pay "scarecrows" \$49 a day just to sit in nearby fields and fire blanks into the air. There is also the question of food, if



someone kills for food, he is certainly not the sinner as someone who kills for amuse. But it is really cheap food—ask any of the 360 hunters who paid \$800 each for three days of game-busting at the government-aided Cree camp on James Bay that fall. "Anyone who kills themselves that they have for food is crazy," says hunter John Carlyle.

Mixed: It's not the killing, it's fresh air, friends, a bit of violence

"You could eat that religion for less." He's right: a Toronto hunter who goes to Northern Ontario and bags a 1,200-pound bull moose will pay about \$5 per pound for his meat.

Frustrated hunters sometimes say

that with meat hanging to dry.

Although the hunt has become more associated with the advent of high-powered rifles and outdoor hunters, its overwhelming importance to the Indians hasn't changed. Occasionally a low season will strike right through Old Crow, a town of 100 cabins, as did a couple last month, prompting a local driver hauling freight from this small airport to stop his machine and dash for the river to get his rifle. Both animals were killed as they reached the river, and both were butchered and hung before the trucker started again.

But advancing development and the changing rules that come with it are begin-

ning to play havoc with this Indian's. Hundreds of miles south of Old Crow an old Indian called Joe Henry recently landed in court for doing something he has been doing almost all of his 50 years—to shoot a moose. The problem is that he killed the animal within the 30-mile corridor to the newly completed Dempster highway where deer hunting is now prohibited. Ironically, the new law was designed to protect the caribou herd, an arch of the Loveless of the Yukon and Northwest Territories. It is likely to become a test of Indian rights in the North because in Joe Henry's case the stringent conditions seem to be working against the very lifestyle they are designed to protect.

The Indians had long argued against the building of the Dempster, fearing it would disrupt the migration patterns of the hardy Mackenzie caribou are particularly sensitive to new construction and a number of northern herds have already disappeared.

The Indians don't share the certainty of government officials and some biologists that the building of pipelines and roads across caribou ranges can be controlled to ensure survival of the herd. For Joe Henry, who was born in Fort McPherson and as the first driver of white men looked north for gold and who still remembers the Dempster when it was just a winter dog-team trail, the new rules have already changed an old game. **Paul Karling**

YUKON TERRITORIAL GOVERNMENT

ing to play havoc with this Indian's. Hundreds of miles south of Old Crow an old Indian called Joe Henry recently landed in court for doing something he has been doing almost all of his 50 years—to shoot a moose. The problem is that he killed the animal within the 30-mile corridor to the newly completed Dempster highway where deer hunting is now prohibited. Ironically, the new law was designed to protect the caribou herd, an arch of the Loveless of the Yukon and Northwest Territories. It is likely to become a test of Indian rights in the North because in Joe Henry's case the stringent conditions seem to be working against the very lifestyle they are designed to protect.

The Indians had long argued against the building of the Dempster, fearing it would disrupt the migration patterns of the hardy Mackenzie caribou are particularly sensitive to new construction and a number of northern herds have already disappeared.

The Indians don't share the certainty of government officials and some biologists that the building of pipelines and roads across caribou ranges can be controlled to ensure survival of the herd. For Joe Henry, who was born in Fort McPherson and as the first driver of white men looked north for gold and who still remembers the Dempster when it was just a winter dog-team trail, the new rules have already changed an old game. **Paul Karling**

Playing havoc with an old, old game

Every fall, hunters in long coats head up the Yukon to windy Porcupine. They armed with the equipment of wilderness gamefowling. The Loucheux Indians of Old Crow, a tiny isolated village 70 miles north of the Arctic Circle, are after the Porcupine caribou—a prey virtually indistinguishable from domesticated reindeer—that are still their major source of meat. Camped in tents at avalanche crossing places along the river, the Indians cross the caribou to

Migrating caribou during the hunt 300 were harvested from herd of 100,000



Every great Screwdriver has a silent partner.



A Greyhound vodka is sold in Canada by Carleton Place as Greyhound.

Wakeful nights, Canadian-style

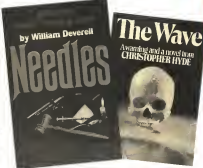
This season, the serpent of commercial fiction has definitely come into its own in the garden of CanLit. With one heady eye fixed on paperback sales, the other on potential film rights, it slithers along, offering big bucks to Canadian treasure. This year's bumper crop of thrillers proves that publishers and writers are willing to tempt fate—and producing some first-rate books in the process.

While the desired end result of commercial fiction is money, greasing the process is advertising. The award for biggest hype has to go to *Needles*, winner of this year's Best First Novel Award (McClelland and Stewart, \$12.95). William Devereil, a Vancouver lawyer, has written a fast-paced novel starring a justice lawyer and a cross-eyed psychiatrist. Foster Cobb, the lawyer, is pathetic enough to be cruel for and reflexively cynical to be believable. "Foster" he calls himself while a sweet young thing attempts to seduce him.

The villainous Dr. Ar in splendid, with name that enough hints to hint the plot in interesting ways. The good doctor's specialities include murder, construction and torture. "In reality, Dr. Ar was an artist, a master. He traded the place of the fat man's torso with a clean and delicate touch, and completed because of pain. Inspiringly, he discovered chords of anguish that moved his tormented patient to render dissonant songs of confusion and repentance."

While no writer has done for a Canadian city what Raymond Chandler did for Los Angeles, Devereil gives it the best yet, with a vivid and detailed description of Vancouver: The action of *Needles* centres on Skid Row, the drizzly place that gave its name to every other haunt of the down-and-out in North America, but there are also glimpses to the moored ski culture of Whistler and the sensual peace of Vancouver Island. There are also songs, bawdy traditions, Hong Kong godfathers, and many other secret kinks in the rainy side streets of lakeshore. This book is a national gift for the novelist, shut in the shadowy sepias of the noir.

While sepias lose sales *Needles*, only *Chernobyl* and *Dolly* seem could do justice to *The Wave*, an epic of co-discovery by another new novelist, Christopher Hyde (McClelland and Stewart, \$12.95). Foster a given, dam, respect, in this, where as the headwater of the Columbia River. Try cracks in the surrounding mountains forest as in-



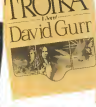
Devereil: jumps, before and between

crease north side . . . and it's raining. Far downstream, on the American side, sits a huge nuclear dam, glowing, directly in the path of the rush if not, one but all of the dams on the Columbia collapse. And it continues to rain. Hyde tomes in a conspiracy and a terrorist or

two, but they're unnecessary. Once the dam cracks and the immense wave moves south, it becomes the central character, sweeping all others before it. Hyde researched this book for three years while working for the CBC in Vancouver and lifts it as "warning." His attention to details of engineering and water dynamics make the disaster believable and, as the wave surges toward Grand Coulee, last dam before the nuclear station, the pages can't turn fast enough.

More traditional is setting (*Greece*), and action (undercover resistance), *Zealots* by Peter Sach (Macmillan, \$12.95) is more with class. It concerns the rescue of a Greek resistance leader and his return to the mountains to build an army to overthrow the colonists' junta. The twist is that the three protagonists, rather than the usual sexy ladies and red-headed stewards, are middle-aged and weary. Such was the traditional action as a frame for a sensitive look at the realities of living.

Active, failed subvocalist and Second World War resistance fighter, counts on his youthful memories, taking on the worst operation as "this new last thing," a chance to defeat: imposture, author and old age. "That was his own free juggling there in the rear-view mirror. How had it grown so old so



quickly?" With his wife, Elizabeth, he sets out to rescue Nino, the daughter, an old comrade from the war. Elizabeth begins the adventure longing only for safety and retirement in Surrey. But it is she who really finds her youth, who rescues Nino, who becomes a new person in her commitment to his cause. Arthur in fact, "the an interesting stranger your eyes follow in the market place. Was he part of her shadowed skin?" Both has made a thriller out of the love affairs of aging men and women—the sexual interest will surprise those who think that everything should be given up at first sight.

Believable characters and careful work have not been Richard Rohmer's long suits. But, then, he saw the possibilities of commercial fiction while his poems were still studying the modern. *Richard Rohmer* has been tapping the veins of sensation ever since his first best seller, *Chimera*, was delivered into the hands of hostile critics who gave it one-line praise. This present is now as much a part of Rohmer's mythology that his recent novel, *Rahel* (General Publishing, \$12.95), is dedicated "to my critics." With that defiant salute, Rohmer moves into a novel of gas shortage and freedom. His ability to focus on the ancient fears of the public should not be ignored. Read as a thriller, Rohmer's work is wooden, stylized, and. Read as "old-fashioned realism," where scenarios is pertinent and characters just agents of sense, *Rahel* is not bad at all. Those who suspect themselves blind to the 30s with *Alas, Babylon* and *On the Road* will recognize their resemblance to Rohmer's Buffalo Bill freeze of 1965. The purpose of this sort of fiction is not to predict



Rig-Gas, Rohmer: wear your critics

the future but to prepare us for it, and here the grandeur of the age, transport and complexities of marketing national gas make his horrifying descriptions consciously real—his detailing of utility and governmental blundering in the 1977 New England freeze strikes as even more cogent now. *Rahel*, if ignorance has practiced this, would have been and tried books to be

on the Celsius. But keep an eye on the thermostat just in case. (Incidentally, the Karsh of Ottawa photo on the dust cover is not Karsh art, but is Karsh Rohmer.)

Elite (titleless best description) *Kris Kuch's* latest work, *Good Night Little Spies* (This also novel, built as a thriller and a satire, has the worst elements of both and the virtues of neither. The plot revolves around the exploits of a Basile-tailor's dancing named Marty Haynes in the mythical African country of Lakonga, recently liberated from an *Angry-lie* distance. Our hero, one of the accident, just occurred, never knew and fortune as a PR man for the new regime.

Kuch has a talent for dialogue that lends the illusion of humor to tired ideas. But references to the "national white mind," "regressive" literature and comical W's warnings are just not funny. There's also a standing joke about African tribal magic and medicine that runs on and on until, like a sitcom made into a novel, it wears thin and the bones show through. The book jacket asks what can you do "where you don't have someone like Idi Amin to kick around anyone?" Obviously, you write a book like Kuch's.

While commercialism has loved page-turners such as *Good Night Little Spies*, it can also provide inspiration for quality. In we have Victoria housewife *Troika* (David Gurr, \$12.95), ex-critic, ex-teacher, ex-civilian, now turned novelist, and his spectacular first effort, *Troika*. Loosely written, the book explores friendship, self, romance, patriotism and the slow, a waiting warlike of the spy. The tight dialogue is so good in John LeCarre's one really in it is the *Odyssey* kind of an old for power at the leg of the senior service. *Troika* is not so much paced as choreographed. The deadly secret service for 30 years against a score of Cold War, these, *Odyssey*—following the fortunes of Dray, "ex-Rossian, in truth," and his Soviet counterpart, Yano, "Khrushchev's cousin," as they rise, fall and finally converge.

The action shifts back and forth between the British and the Soviets, with a deluge of the tactics of CIA "major cover-ups" for *Odyssey*. Gurr's descriptions are detailed and he knows how to stir, just the right note. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival at a Khrushchev custom in Moscow. "No more tea" in a land that focused on it. And the women, pleased to bring equal frustration to all, not making out. But *Troika* is not in the mood of *Odyssey* on a building, the Soviet bureaucracy is named up in Dray's arrival

elegant use of metaphor. Drive, whose novel here father escaped from one of Russia's purges, is "the Russian history inside the British chrysalis." Now, artist and novelist, joins the merry as an act of admiration for his mother, a "Hero of the Soviet Union."

The mood of this complex novel is grey, ambiguous and filled with shadowy allusions. It is a mood to suit the '90s, cynically optimistic and quietly apocalyptic. Save this one for a night when you can sleep late the next morning. Once begun you won't be able to stop reading.

Winifred Cannon

'Bureaucrats decide, ministers defend'

PAPER JOURNALIST
by Peter Stewart
(McClelland and Stewart, \$14.95)

When Stewart is one of those few outcasts in Canada's journalism with a sense of moral outrage that the years cannot knock out of him. He is an apologetic Peter Pan whose right-angled scream hasn't missed from Sissy, where he outlived Pierre



Stewart: Peter Pan on the offensive

Tradescant while most everyone else was still picking curly at his edges, through Sissy, his odd look at labor, to Hard to Swallow, about food stores here, with Paper Journalist, a book that replays a period of insanity that many Canadians thought they understood. Stewart is once more showing collective noses in something and saying: for God's sake, look. This time not, it's the civil service at the bloody end of his bloody stick, a bureaucracy that offers too few options to poorly informed ministers who then sell lies to an unsuspecting public. "Bureaucrats decide," argues Stewart, "ministers accept and defend." It is not (does it need to be said) the democratic responsible government we pretend exists.

The case model for this well-researched and better-dubbed in Pickering Airport and, to a lesser degree, Michael Stewart convincingly makes a case that consultants were hired to provide only the desired views to the ministry of transport and that site selection was a joke. Beginning with 116 possible second Toronto airport locations, 56 likely sites were narrowed to four finalists. Pickering, east of Toronto, was not among the four. Indeed, it was an early casualty and a late resurrection. The airport had become a movable beast. Pickering has shored through \$500 million so far with nothing to show but \$5,000 silent acres, some barricaded roads, not a few discounted trees, as well as endless lawsuits and potholes of whitewash hearings. Michael cost maybe \$1.4 billion and is still snored by travelers, detested by the airlines, its facilities underutilized—and it's longed millions a week in its golden age. Politicians—particularly former Ontario provincial treasurer Darcy McKeough and former federal transport ministers Don Jamieson and Jean Marchand—Stewart makes an unflinchingly associated case. Bureaucrats hide things, rich friends in a democracy, politicians are unforgivably in, protesters are unforgivably right, big governments trample, little people suffer.

But it is a full-on case with a focus and Stewart does. Engagement—quoting occasionally from cabinet documents and departmental memos never before published—as he writes of a per-

INTRODUCING THE XEROX 3450 IT CAN'T MAKE BREAKFAST.

But the Xerox 3450 plain paper copier does just about everything else.

It makes regular and large-size copies.

It makes reduced-size copies of oversized documents like computer printouts.

There's an automatic sorter to put your reports in order, copy contrast control, and even pushbutton choice of paper trays. And to keep it simple, the Xerox 3450 features computer diagnostics and semi-automatic document handling.

Need a copier that can do almost anything? There's never been anything like it.

The Xerox 3450.



Xerox of Canada Limited

XEROX



FISHER'S GOT YOUR FIRE.



Get something burning at your place with an all-time great stove. Replace, or use new insert. They're superior. Fisher quality and patented design give you maximum combustion and radiant heat—ready holding a fire over to—whispering virtually no smoke and little ash residue.

When your world coincides with quarter inch precision, the world is your oyster. You can't run down. Fisher's—your guarantee of manufactured excellence and efficiency.

Put your nearest Fisher dealer by calling

Ottawa and Quebec: 1-800-267-7504 toll-free

Atlantic Provinces: 506-375-4511 ext. 22

FOR A BETTER FUTURE

Xerox is a registered trademark of XEROX CORPORATION and is XEROX OF CANADA LIMITED's registered trademark of XEROX CORPORATION.

Who cares if you want to cut your flying time almost in half?



British Airways knows business won't wait. And we know your time is money. That's why we fly to more cities, more often than any other airline.

British Airways even offers you the advantages of owning your flying time almost in half with the supersonic Concorde.

From New York, we offer two daily Concorde flights to London. From London, the Concorde can save you time to Singapore, Bahrain or Washington, D.C.

THE CONCORDE ADDS A NEW DIMENSION TO THE TERM "FIRST CLASS"

At London's Heathrow Airport, there is a separate Concorde check-in area with a short walk to a departure lounge for the exclusive convenience of our Concorde passengers.

Upon arrival, your Concorde baggage is handled separately for quick delivery. We not only care to save you time in the air, we also save you time on the ground.

WE THINK OF LONDON AS THE GATEWAY TO THE WORLD.

British Airways also provides regular daily service (in association with Air Canada) to Britain

We have the most frequent schedules from the United Kingdom to Europe.

We fly you almost anywhere, from Aberdeen to Zurich, from Bucharest to Istanbul. And we don't stop there—we also fly more often to the Middle East, the Far East and Africa.

THE BEST OF CARE TO BRITAIN AND THE WORLD.

Because when you fly with the biggest, you get the best. The best of British hospitality.

On your next business trip, discover a world of difference by calling your local travel agent or British Airways office. You'll find British Airways is the shortest way between you and the world.



**British
airways**

We'll take more care of you.

son's odyssey across North America. He diagnoses, among other things, department of transport theories on the impossibility of dual runways at Toronto's International Airport. It's also a view that crisscrosses the shape. Said a cabinet document at one point when the public thought contrary news were about to be aired and heard: "Constructive work will be undertaken during the board's deliberations." And this from Stewart. "Justice had made three public statements and Marchand seven... [that] the inquiry... could consider need and location. None of the statements was true."

But while the book is about a series of decisions based on wrong and slanted information, pushed ahead by greed and opportunistic bureaucrats into the laps and lives of people who couldn't stop the process, there is a larger issue at stake. Why should it take 11 years from the time a second Toronto airport became a firm project to find out the truth about it? Why indeed? A freedom of information act, Stewart argues, would put government documents into public hands so that the widest and best-informed decision-making would be possible. "Leave the airports alone," the author can even argue at one point, "and if travellers don't like it, let them go by train." And while he does offer other solutions, the book is basically one journalist's heartfelt plea for more and regular information. A witness call from someone who writes for readers about issues most journalists have been too lazy to investigate.

Roderick McQueen

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

- 1 The Last Restaurant, Stewart (10)
- 2 David's Affair, Penzance (12)
- 3 The Whistler, Chisholm (12)
- 4 Life Before Man, Atwood (10)
- 5 Belter, Rohrer (8)
- 6 Sophie's Choice, Styron (8)
- 7 Grubbs, Tremblay (8)
- 8 War and Remembrance, White (12)
- 9 Shadow of the Moon, Kurek (7)
- 10 Good as Gold, Adler (6)

NONFICTION

- 1 How to Invest Your Money and Profit From Inflation, Shattuck (10)
- 2 Great Illness, Martin (11)
- 3 The Complete Squawish Medical Diet, Tremblay/Becker (8)
- 4 And No Bird Song, Whelan (10)
- 5 Paper Juggernaut, Stewart (10)
- 6 Bruce's Brain, Shapiro (11)
- 7 Monks' Diet, Chisholm (10)
- 8 Beyond Reason, Trueman (8)
- 9 Liquid Blood, By (10), Book of (10)
- 10 How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years, Roth (7)

1 = First-time best

COGNAC OR COCKTAILS

On getting the best of both worlds.



Before the days of fappers and speak-easies and the invention of the cocktail hour, Cognac was perhaps the most fashionable pre-dinner drink in the civilized world.

It was considered particularly appropriate when wine was to be served because Cognac, a spirit made from grapes, is unlikely to quarrel with wine.

From that point of view, the pre-dinner Cognac is an amicable alternative to pre-dinner cocktails.

Sip it with mineral or soda water or with ginger ale. Or try Cognac-orange, a quite delicious blend of two-thirds fresh orange juice with one-third Cognac on the rocks.

And bon appetit



Cognac. The incomparable spirit of France.

Published by the Bureau National du Cognac, an official of the Government of Cognac, France.



Running on empty

RUNNING
Directed by Steven Spielberg

RUNNING—or *Back to the Future*—is likely to make people weep until they're parched. When the hero, who has a record for losing behind him, finishes the marathon at the Montreal Olympics with a disheveled shoulder and blood dripping down his tireless thighs, *Back to the Future* in both rounds seems petty—paper cuts. The paying public, finding inspiration cheap these

days at \$3.75 a throw, will doubtless throw in the towel and find a loogie in their cleats as big as Rocky's. Surely the stockholders in Spielberg must, on the other hand, be laughing all the way to the bank.

The hero of *Running* (keep the title simple with an eye on the tin-tin best-seller list) is one Michael Andropakis (Michael Douglas), forced into a lifetime of separation and jobs everybody else wanted for him. But he wants to

Douglas training with Jennifer McHenry.
Leslie D. Davidson. *Back to the Future*

run and God knows during the idling interim of the movie he can't blame anyone for not letting him. His wife (Bea Aronson) has supported him for too long; divorce papers are in the works. Understated, our hero makes it to the Olympics and, as an added bonus for doing so, stags divorce proceedings and gains peace of mind, too. It's a bit like getting an instant cash prize in wait to winning the lottery. Life is often unbearably simple in the movies.

A formula movie, neatly shot by Leslie George and acted with real vigor by Douglas, *Running* is Television City, its script easily accessible to any primitive child. The husband and wife don't seem to be having a relationship—they seem to be playing house. Children, post homework, can relate to that. So cleaned up is the Andropakis' adult microphone that one can almost believe that babies come in his knee bags or are found under extraordinarily large lettuce leaves.

But wait—this slick, sure shot of formula fiction is Canadian, made with Canadian cash at any rate and partially financed by the Canadian Film Development Corporation. Not in it Canadian? For those who care, the stumbling runner events himself for the U.S. Olympic team and most of his training take place in New York City. There is Canadian content, though: for Canada, the dated Montreal Olympics, a bank shot of three CBC men, Ontario license plates and a motorist speed sign. *Running* may be the perfect example of "Hollywood North." Our wonderful hero, incidentally, isn't interested in anything so tacky as money, showing up at one known for the greedy gods he is. Isn't this the bottle calling the pot black?

Lawrence O'Toole

Brief Encounters

The Marriage of Maria Braun: German director Rainer Werner Fassbinder chronicles with brilliant detail and loving the governing myth of the 20th century, we expect happiness to be the end result of our lives and mass what there is of a while we wait. Maria Schaubert gives one of the greatest performances ever to touch the screen as the survivor-empire Maria Braun who has lost her man. She is a spiritual sculptor—the next union, sexual object is rare along since Marlene Dietrich. The film is more than one scene is a full out finished-out masterpiece of human design.

Notre-Dame: Another German director Werner Herzog, takes the well-out vampire tale and filters new life and light into it. Klaus Kinski is the bloodsucker who watches centuries come and go and longs for human love. More an ecstasy and tale of longing than a conventional vampire movie. *Notre-Dame* introduces the cinema to new features: Kinski, hypnosis and frankly original.

Apocalypse Now: It seems to owe something to Herzog's story of a mad headed down the Amazon. *Apocalypse Now* or God but after your senses have been sufficiently shattered you realize it doesn't owe a thing to anybody or anything before it. Francis Coppola's inquiry into the nature of

evil and morality which charts the progress of a boat going upriver into Cambodia during the Vietnam War. *Apocalypse* the medium to the breaking point. Arguably the greatest movie ever made.

Luna: Proud poster of Ontario's reputation for variety, *Luna* has only been banned since the cuts started for by the Ontario Board of Censors. *Luna* is remarkable like the point of the movie. Fervently thought it is. *Luna* is validated by showing the pain inside the desperate tonight to which desperate people will go when they are desperate for love. In this case it is a mother and son who have an emotional relationship. At Caytham's at the opera-singer mother a glorious. L.O.T.



Because we deliver the paper on time, you get the news on time.

Nobody in rail transportation has a better record of reliable delivery than we do. Ask the newspaper industry. Thanks to good management—and the most sophisticated on-line computer system of its kind in the world.

We give you the information you want, when you want it and how you want it. By tracking your shipments anywhere on our lines in Canada, our unique computer system meets your needs 24 hours a day.

Improving on-time delivery is just one way we serve you better. Our most valuable product is our service to you. So call us. We may have good news for you and your distribution needs.

CN RAIL
We want to give you our best.

EARL WARREN

A HOST OF GREAT GUESTS



Earl Warren has a host of special friends daily. Mondays: noted psychologist **Dr. Riech Shaw** joins Earl to help you ease the pressures of contemporary living. Tuesdays and Thursdays: it's government critic **Mike Hammer** with generous helpings of political advice on everyday cooking with a certain touch. Wednesdays: **Layman MacIntosh** says and the topic is Family Budgets and Home Foreclosure Planning. Fridays for Physical Fitness with **Dr. Murray Hall** and **Jim Marney** And everyday **Brian Lockman** brings you Entertainment news. Tune in on Earl. It's good for people and pure. Today and usual.

10:00 A.M. - 1:00 P.M. MONDAY - FRIDAY

CFRB 1010

THE PEOPLE PEOPLE LISTEN TO

Fellini babel-on

ORCHESTRA BY RO CASAL
Directed by Francesco Fellini

Made for Italian television, Fellini's *Orchestra Babel* is just that—a jangle of disparate and anomic musicians gathered together to practice under an enigmatic conductor, a German. It's nothing pot-pourri, and a microcosm of a world beset for chaos. Amazingly, Fellini works wonders with the obvious metaphor and into a small 70-minute gem that glows with affection and sparkles with the sting of satire.

The musicians, playing a score by Fel-



The musicians, quailed by a wracking ball

li's late, longtime collaborator Nino Rota, are inside an abandoned tomb. They're in a hurry; there's this new Teasonically sensitive conductor who rises them and there's a TV crew watching. While being interviewed, everybody claims precedence for his instrument. A big argument ensues over whether the violin is masculine or feminine. Insults are hurled. A mouse scurries across the floor, causing pandemonium. The conductor makes the mistake of suggesting that the orchestra plays like "somebody's sister," which sparks two early union expostions.

Eventually, the musicians stage a revolt, upstate with spray paint and projectiles which is nothing short of a terrorist seizure. An ancient, toothless copilot supplies bitterly that everyone was happier when the conductor wielded absolute power. *Orchestra Babel* shows socialism in the form of the union, distrustship in the person of the conductor, and the common wall in the free-floating form of the squabbling players. Conscience may be too dull, fascism too soothing. The metaphors are obvious (it was made for TV)

but who other than Fellini, virtually restraining himself to flailing in one room, could have brought it such wit, fun and virtuoso visual splendor?

Though he has a penchant for odd physiognomies, Fellini (in his *America* mood) still has a great deal of compassion for his people. A 55-year-old who has to be escorted to his seat with weak delicacy said to be "an exceptional man," everyone marvels at that and shows him a great degree of deference. A large harpist talks about her scaphoid fracture. A haughty minstrel laments being belittled forever to *Blindness*. A worried man who seems to be held to-

By now these ingredients in the suspense-movie formula have become so familiar, you could find them on the final estate of the *Plan 100* course at Hollywood Hub. Funny thing is, they always work. Fear of the unknown is as strong that almost any theatre full of movie nuts will respond on cue, as if it's a collective going to the cinema of a near sequence like this. But for any self-respecting film-maker, there must be something added to the brew: some emotional resonance, as in Hitchcock's *Psycho*, some dazzling technical facility, as in John Carpenter's *Halloween*, or a touch of grotesque humor, as in George Romero's *Dawn of the Dead*.

In *When a Stranger Calls*, Fred Walton has tried something really different. After the opening alone-with-a-madman sequence, he introduces a new tone, new characters, a new setting—practically a new movie, in which the murderer comes back seven years later to terrorize the grown-up baby-sitter, a mother herself. Carol Kinn, who looks like a *Rampage* Ann Bell gone berserk, offers her standard portrait of the fifty-year-old madonna of the '70s. And Charles Durning, Rachel Roberts and Tony Beckley are among several actors who should know better than to bestow their classy presence in such shopworn schemes.

Walton expanded this first feature from a 30-minute film-school exercise. George Lucas did the same thing a dozen years ago for his project *TALLIE*. All similarities end there. *When a Stranger Calls* does not herald a major film-making talent—it's just another textbook experiment in terror. You will jump, though.

Richard Corliss



gether by straight pins claims the violin helped him discover "dissonances."

Near the end a large wracking ball (no comment) changes through the wall, showering dust and quelling the rebellion. The conductor and players have no choice but to go back to rehearsing and go on with the business of life. Such is life. *Orchestra Babel*, which is very, very funny, is full of it.

Lawrence O'Toole

That short-distance feeling

WHEN A STRANGER CALLS
Directed by Fred Walton

Quiet town. Deserted street. Dark house. Lonely baby-sitter. Sleepy children. Sudden telephone rings. Cautious voice. Unheeded pleas. Isolation. Prigheaded baby-sitter. Walk up stairs. Long silence. Sudden screams.

Kinn: dark house, madman, phone calls

Silent icons of emptiness

For most of the 38 years he has been painting, taking photographs and hammering things together, Charles Gagnon has been largely unknown outside his native Montreal. And so—finally—there has appeared a large retrospective of his work, assembled by a well-meaning colleague at the University of Ottawa (Philip Fry) and launched by a sympathetic gallery (the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts) on a yearling autumn tour which will next take it to the Winnipeg Art Gallery: all,

acquisitively with the best intentions. The result of all this labor, however, is a show that proves beyond doubt that most of Gagnon's work can be safely ignored forever, that a few paintings are momentarily interesting—but that his photographs are worth everything else put together.

There are just so many things to see: huge paintings and smaller ones, drawings, photographs, collages of all sorts of materials, boxes, frames and some plugged-in constructions with fluorescent

tubes attached. But the garage-sale look of such a gathering is not, in itself, strange. Gagnon shares with some other 30th-century artists a certain gregariousness about materials: none of them seems adequate to express the idea in his head so he has to keep trying others. Gagnon, now 66, has explained his restless reluctance this way: "I don't have much to say about 'art.' Art to me is a level, not attached to a particular discipline, as to any particular aspect of life. It has nothing for very in-

ter to do with technical ability or prowess, much to do with spiritual dimensions—the ability to 'understand,' but in a non-intellectual way."

This proposition is charming in its very naivete. But it is not so easily so as a high-sounding excuse for weak work, of which there are plenty of examples in this exhibition. Most of the bad pieces date from Gagnon's student days in New York (1950 to 1964), and from the early '60s, when he headed back to Montreal to try the graphic design business. These works consist mostly of little homages to the big New York abstractionists: his own work as Mark Rothko, Robert Motherwell, Jackson Pollock and Jasper Johns. And they are very much the work of the immature, art-struck young man Gagnon was. "I went to New York after reading a Time article on the art scene there," he says. "I was hungry for knowledge, so I studied at New York University, the Art Students' League and Parsons—all at once. I had a hard, paint-covered running shoe and a romantic idea about what it was to be an artist."

By the mid-'60s, Gagnon had achieved success as a designer in Montreal, but was caught in what turned out to be a five-year period of creative transition. By his own account, it began with consideration of "existential things" inspired by his design work for the Christian Pavilion at Expo 67. "The theme was the responsibility of the individual within society. I was forced to confront myself." Perhaps the most enduring result of this collision with himself is the 1965-66 film, *The Eighth Day*, a 16-minute visual record of modern horrors, many gleaned from the defense department photo library in Washington. A less exultant consequence was a general slackening of Gagnon's high-intellectualist tendencies. He started taking lots of snapshots and his paintings became quieter and more open. But by late 1970, even the simplest painting seemed empty enough. "I had become cynical about art, the marketing of art. And I just did not know why to apply paint to canvas anymore."

Gagnon was not alone, of course. Other Canadian artists were going through similar creative passages and coming out troubled with visions, self-awareness and other talkative, sensible ways of doing art. But Gagnon, instead of taking the next step into the magical (as other artists were discovering, went back to the familiar Kanons of linear oil, canvas and stretcher—the land of traditional modernism—and plunged into painting with all the verve of his student days.

He knew the making of art: the distance between the flat field of canvas and his rapidly moving brush, between the nearest frames within the pictures and

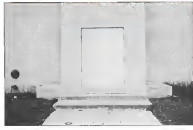
the emotive surge of color battering and threatening to drown them. And what he makes shows that loss of creation—especially the more recent paintings they immediately charm the eye with their harmonious, atmospheric colors and delicate surfaces. Soon, however, the loneliness begins to stay, and you start looking around for stronger fare.

And you find it—almost eclipsed by the large canvases hung nearby—in the next room of Gagnon's photographs. The blurry 35-70 snaps and offhand B&W pictures dance, yes, far quicker than Gagnon's gassy neopopscapes ever

could (these photos are that innocent, that devoid of pretense) and prepare you for carefully composed pictures that could haunt you forever. To step through these frames, into the desolate streets and rooms within them, is to cross into a world that has been emptied and then suffused again with emptiness. The photographs do not really embody his vision—as artistic modernism could do that. But they do function as icons of his inner emptiness and silence. Charles Gagnon continues to search for (implicitly) in the stuff and clutter of art.

John Bentley Mayes

Gagnon's 1976 oil painting 'Cassandre: A Summer Day' (36x66, 1973 photograph 'Exit', Gagnon garage-sale gathering



Make it Schnappy

Make it schnappy straight up. Or make it with a little schnappy and a little light. Or mix and match with a little schnappy and a little light. Or mix and match with a little schnappy and a little light. Or mix and match with a little schnappy and a little light.

Schnapps Highball
Frosted glass with ice cubes. Add 1 oz. of Vodka Schnapps. Top with soda. Stir to mix.

Straight Up
Frosted glass with ice cubes. Add 1 oz. of Vodka Schnapps. Top with soda. Stir to mix.

Frozen Schnapps
Frosted glass with ice cubes. Add 1 oz. of Vodka Schnapps. Top with soda. Stir to mix.

Peppermint Schnapps Liqueur
From Hiram Walker
Light, cool and schnappy!

In which the scribe huddles on the floor, watches a master and thinks of a mister

By Allan Fotheringham

The smoke curls down from the left of the Player's cigarette and Beethoven's Ninth fills the room. The scribe views the startled rock-barrels of Commerce, the casual grace of Bellevue and the slithering genius of Lafuze, who moves like a bubble on a stone top, impetuous to predict the crash. Instead, this night, the warmth washes down a 60-year-old man who has made a profession out of charm, articulated because he flirts between a gentleman and a ruffian.

The scribe, a full-time people-watcher, had spent the day by watching Pierre Trudeau, the man who never loses, attempt to appear interested as leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons. But Montreal is just two hours down the pipe and now, the night before kissing Pierre crosses the magic divide of 60, we have one of the final appearances of Francis Albert Sinatra, the eternal boy.

Watching, the scribe transported between two cultures, two personas and two personalities cannot help but attach the connotations. There are two separate areas at the spotlight show down, the two men are almost as one. A hangerman has written that "Sinatra needs to be in the papers, but he has consistently fought reporters and photographers who could put him there. He wants to be the last word in charm, but was frequently an explosive percipient of 70-second. He pulled himself on his exquisite taste, but he couldn't help going four-letter words in public." Trudeau? No-narrowly—Sinatra as recorded in 1968 by a writer called Arnold Shriver.

The crooner, who has grown up and up and will sit on his private jet occasionally this concert in one (as he has done), down in, near the golden ring in the centre of the Forum floor and comes out measure verse of his second song. It is a measure of lack of memory and lack of concentration. The scribe

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for the FP News Service.

note and recalls Trudeau in his first major speech of this new Parliament, stumbling over words in his text, a master of inattention.

It is an evening on the altar of nostalgia. Long back, the shamed-down man with the hairpiece laid low the bobby-tufts and now, with a simple quick nod of his head, membranes otherwise amiable ladies of 30. One remembers the exquisite days of 1968, new light-years away, when the country thought it had made the original discovery that charm was an essential ingredient of politics.



What we have here, in this recycled bacchanal risk, is a convention of romanticism, not-so-distant cousins of those writers of 1968 who believed the man as stage was actually going to reform the Senate and make positive safe for idealists. Way back when, back in Hoboken, New Jersey, a visiting band leader paraded to the wall the Sinatra talent. "Why that dear little jock," he said, listening to a loveless ballad trail out over a crowd, "he really belongs out over a crowd," he really belongs over these silly words. "So did we—in the Forum and in 1968."

Sinatra, in black, wears an orange pop on his left breast, a signature as much as Trudeau's red rose. There is the respect for language. The Francophone Trudeau, in a minor way, like Churchill, "modernized the English language and sent it into battle," dazzling old voters who had never seen a politician so adept and so casual with words. Sinatra, for all his thoughtless conduct offense, is the true professional as it. His phrasing, his timing, his joy in wrapping his



torque around the life-size chunks of Celine Porter's words—that, my friend, is what it's all about and why we huddle here on the Forum floor and watch the master, his voice crackling around the edges, show the kids how it's done.

The analogies are too apparent. Re-elected, Re-elected and Re-elected, Sinatra sings, so true in the Forum but the same thinking of the Liberal party and its presently benighted leader. There it, upon the stage, the swaggar of a rich tough guy—the side of Trudeau that at first so appeared and then so repudiated—the apparent belief that big-on-the-street language translates bored denizens of the middle class. The ladies in silk wiggle their shoulders in rhythm to his beat and wave the ends of their fingers at last each time he turns their way. They can take the street-fighter act for one night, at \$12.50 a pop, but they couldn't for 11 years at a pinch.

There it, in both, the confidence in arms, the knowledge as no other that public figures use along only at their peril.

These two boys who have, fortunately, never grown up, realize the futility there in adults at learning street-corner phrases they have long abandoned. Sinatra, the man Maxine Tenebrak called the "Mercedes Benz of men," is the only male extant still allowed to use the lovely term "bored" ascribed to a lady. The sad similarities continue as Sinatra, dragging his trademark moos and caparison to centre stage, does his silent bit and talks of the olive branch of the great whose chick has split and eases into A-Gal Was Gal Away.

By now, he is in the embrace of my genre sleek, tired, still in complete command of his private audience, and the backdrafts are out. He croons down, laying up the dream of those who would like to remember past times, and now the end is near. . . I face the final curtain. . . I've travelled much and every highway. . . I did it my way.

Funny thing, Sinatra wasn't sold out either.



Just for fun, drive something sensible.

The Volkswagen Rabbit has always been a most sensible combination of economy, performance and room, all wrapped up in one single automobile.

So now, along comes a Rabbit that makes sense and a splash of the same time. The Rabbit GTI. The Rabbit with extra flair.

With large front spoiler, husky steel-belted radials, stylish black fender flares, and sport accents here, there, and everywhere.

All standard equipment on the Rabbit GTI.

The beat goes on with an AM/FM stereo system with cassette player, specially balanced sports seats with adjustable head rests, sports steering wheel and tachometer. Even a rear window washer/wiper is standard on the Rabbit GTI.

And while the Rabbit GTI gets you there with flair, it also gets you there in a flash. A fuel-injected engine zips this Rabbit from 0 to 80 km/h in just 8.2 seconds and does so economically on regular gas with a 5-speed manual transmission.

Just for fun, check out a Rabbit GTI at your nearest Volkswagen Dealer. Common sense has never been so exhilarating.

The
GTI
Rabbit



Saturday jam.

You've had jazz jams before, but this one has a style all its own. It's a Saturday jam, with all the good things that go with good friends and good music. So after a few hot licks you take five to cool off and enjoy the crystal clear taste of Smirnoff, the vodka that leaves you breathless. Over ice, with tonic and a twist it makes a tall, cool drink that's as classic as the jazz you're playing.

by Smirnoff

